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The chief business of *Thursday* was the Clergy Discipline Bill, on which occasion the conduct of the

Welsh Nonconformist members had the remarkable effect of shocking Mr. GLADSTONE and the *Daily News*. When political Dissenters do this it cannot be necessary for other persons to waste any strong language, or much language at all, on their conduct. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's protest against the idea of "making capital" out of "criminous clerks" shall save us much trouble. We may disregard the protest, and accept the definition. The debate included some interesting speeches. Mr. BALFOUR introduced the subject in a fashion of conciliatory explanation. Mr. GLADSTONE's reminiscence of his better days in vigorous protest against the action of his own followers had much interest. And Mr. BIRRELL justified those of his friends who attribute much literary ingenuity to him by drawing a parallel between himself and TROILUS. Earlier, Mr. RITCHIE had delighted (or supplied an occasion of feigned delight to) the Opposition by saying that he saw nothing unjust in the *principle* of betterment. Few do. The wiser opponents of what is called by that name simply say that, if you admit "betterment," you must admit "worsement," and that to apply either practically would almost pass the wit of the cleverest of mankind, and would subject the most upright to severe temptations.

**Politics out of Parliament.** Last week's speaking was wound up by Mr. CHAPLIN, who had stayed the whole course, and Lord CROSS.—The Duke of DEVONSHIRE made a speech of considerable interest at Derby on Monday, devoting himself in the most polite manner in the world to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and the interest which that eminent person has lately taken in his former leader. "An Opportunist" says the Duke mildly of Sir WILLIAM. Whereat some have said that the English of "Opportunist" is "Trimmer." Their pardon must be begged, for the things are different. When a popular demand or a Royal will is evidently one way, the Opportunist bows to it whatever his principles; while the essence of the Trimmer is that he incontinently feels a desire to go to the other side. The Opportunist is against "thorough" in principle, the Trimmer against it in practice.—Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH spoke at Cheltenham on Wednesday.

**Foreign and Colonial Affairs.** At the end of last week it was announced that the Rajah of SIKKIM had run away, an announcement which could have been of interest to hardly a man in England except Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, who is dead. Anarchists were also much with the readers of foreign telegrams, but little else.—The foreign news of Monday morning was again extremely unimportant, the chief item being the announcement of an arrangement between the Portuguese Government and the representatives of the bondholders as to the custody of the Customs receipts from which the unexpended part of the interest of the debt is to be paid.—Tuesday brought at last one tragic piece of news, the wrecking of the Café Véry in Paris and the killing (as the report at first went) of its unlucky proprietor by Anarchists in revenge for his enabling the police to catch RAVACHOL. The object of this crime is clearly intimidation as well as revenge, but it may be that the scoundrels who have committed it have made a little mistake. The French are a highly nervous nation, no doubt, and less gifted with fortitude to bear than with audacity to dare; but their nervousness is exceedingly apt to take the form of savagery, and if *MM. les Anarchistes commencent* in this manner they may find themselves some day shot on suspicion in a highly inconvenient manner. Less important items were some details about the difficulties of the German Ministry and a fresh outbreak of the troublesome Czech difficulty in the adjoining Empire. There is more than one country in Europe where a loyal man may sigh, "But oh! to see the Deil gae 'hame, Wi' the Nationalists before him."—French-

men had been presenting the CZAR with a picture of his family-tree illuminated in silver. It is to be hoped that the illuminations were carefully selected, for there are some stories in that remarkable history which, though effective pictorially, might be awkward in other ways.—The correspondence between Sir EVELYN BARING and the Egyptian Government on the subject of the Firman was published.—It appeared on Wednesday morning that M. VÉRY was fortunately not dead, though desperately injured. The trial of RAVACHOL was proceeding, and in other countries the authorities, stimulated by the Paris affair, were arresting with freedom. As had been anticipated, the Paris papers were beginning to cry out for courts martial. The Canadian House of Commons has passed a reciprocity resolution in reference to Great Britain; but what will the Free-trade Mrs. GRUNDY say to that? Progress is being made with the reconstitution of the Egyptian native tribunals according to the plans of Mr. Justice SCOTT.—Paris, France, and the world were shocked on Wednesday, though perhaps not surprised, at the result of the RAVACHOL trial. The jury, "funkt" by the Anarchists, returned extenuating circumstances in the miscreant's case, and therefore made it impossible for the judge to sentence him to death. But the judge's own attitude throughout the trial had been somewhat *louche*. The Procureur-Général, on the other hand, the much-abused M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE, did his duty like a man.—The truant Rajah of SIKKIM was, it seems, stopped by the Nepalese, who have probably not read MACAULAY's History, for Nepal has escaped the ravages of Baboo education; otherwise they might have thought of the leading case of JAMES II.—Rumours were started to the effect that Italy intends to denounce the Triple Alliance on the plea of financial burdens.—On Tuesday Lord DUFFERIN was entertained by the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, and paid a graceful compliment to the memory of his predecessor, Lord LYTTON.—Yesterday morning there was something new out of Africa in the shape of a telegram from EMIN PASHA's second in command, to the effect that that curious person, instead of carrying all before him in the Equatorial province, was returning baffled to the coast. It is, on the whole, well never to believe anything about EMIN. In Canada Mr. MERCIER's trial has begun.—On Wednesday night there was a fatal fire at the Central Theatre, Philadelphia.

**The Walmer Castle Furniture.** The late Mr. SMITH was one of the not too numerous company of rich men who employ their riches in the way in which everybody thinks he would employ his riches—till he is rich. The last of Mr. SMITH's benefactions seems to have been the settling, with the QUEEN's consent, of the furniture of Walmer Castle, which includes numerous relics of PITT, of WELLINGTON, and of other men only smaller, as heirlooms to go with the Wardency. For the nation has just learnt that these things have hitherto passed from one Warden to another, not of right but by valuation, like an undergraduate's knee-hole table and rocking-chair; and that on one occasion Lord PALMERSTON's characteristic matter-of-factness exposed them to the chances of an auction or of passing into private hands. It is a funny country.

**The Law Courts.** Several cases of interest were decided on Wednesday. The very singular and very unsavoury action (for loss of service) of FOOT v. CAMPION was stopped by the jury with the approval of the judge, and a verdict entered for the defendant.—Mr. VAUGHAN soothed the moral scruples of Mr. EDWARD COX—a solicitor's clerk out of employment who, though he had no knowledge of art and had never been to the Academy, was so scandalized by a quotation from the book of Genesis (which he did not recognize) that he



rushed to see Mr. RUDOLPH BLIND's "The World's Desire," and, failing to convince the artist of its impropriety, took out a summons against him. But Mr. VAUGHAN dismissed the summons, thereby, as we say, of course soothing Mr. Cox's scruples.—The jury found for the defendant in the action against the *Star* newspaper by the owner of the privilege of supplying programmes at the Avenue Theatre, and for the same paper in another action brought by a "Literary" and Art agent.—In the deferred inquest into the singularly rapid and fatal fire which occurred in a butcher's shop at West Brompton some six weeks ago, it was pretty clearly proved to have been caused by throwing lighted matches about—a detestable practice only too common.—NICHOLL and MOWBRAY, the prisoners in the *Commonweal* matter, were committed for trial on the same day, and the PARNELL-WOOD will case came up again.—The inquiry into what Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH shocked the sycophants of labour by calling "the other side"—i.e. the intimidation of witnesses by the Unions—has begun before the Parliamentary Committee.

**Sport.** Malvern won the Public Schools Racquets Challenge Cup yesterday week.—The racing of Friday week was unimportant; but at Derby on Saturday there was some good sport. There has also been racing at Brighton and elsewhere during the present week, but again nothing of much importance. The event, from this point of view, has been the rumour of Orme's going amiss, a rumour which has been confirmed, the horse being struck out of the Two Thousand next week, though it is hoped that he may be got into condition for the Derby.

**Correspondence.** Sir EDGAR VINCENT, certainly with some authority, took up the cry about trade and diplomacy last week. Yet, as the *Times*, with some aptness, remarked, the Persian business (in which Russia is actually not unlikely to become mortgagee of the SHAH's revenues, and therefore master of the SHAH, to satisfy demands arising from a concession obtained by British diplomacy for British trade) throws rather a lurid light on the matter.—On Monday morning, in a letter to some usefully inquiring soul, Mr. BALFOUR made a hare of poor Mr. McLAREN, M.P., who had held up the Government in general, and Mr. BALFOUR in particular, to hatred and contempt for "sending a little girl to prison between two policemen." On being brought to book, Mr. McLAREN acknowledged that they were not policemen, but said it didn't matter. He should have extended this wise indifference, which, indeed, is characteristic of the Gladstonian, to the whole affair; for the little girl turned out to be a grown person, major and *sui juris*. But, perhaps, Mr. McLAREN was right; it really does not matter to his party whether they say true things or things not true, provided the things get repeated and damage the Government. Of a vast amount of other correspondence on that day, we can only mention Mr. VILLIERS STUART's support of Lady BLAKE's scheme of a biological laboratory at Jamaica, on the ground of the fourth centenary of the discovery of America. It is an excellent scheme, but we fail to see the concatenation accordingly.—Yesterday morning a letter was published from Mr. HUME, respecting whom Mr. MACLEAN recently used his parliamentary privilege, by suggesting, apparently without horror at the idea, that Mr. HUME might in some circumstances "be shot or hanged as a traitor." Mr. HUME says nobody knows so much as he does about some things Indian. Alas! we all think that. Some interesting letters from Mr. KNOWLES to the manager of the Press Association on the literary theft question also appeared.

**Miscellaneous.** The man MOWBRAY, who was arrested at the seizure of the *Commonweal*, was, properly enough after all, allowed out on good (though

foolish) bail, in order to go to his wife's funeral, at which ranters ranted. But if MOWBRAY had not been allowed to go they would have ranted worse, and some feeble folk might have thought they had reason for their ranting.—The coroner's jury on the Hampstead accident brought in, as was to be expected, a verdict censuring the construction and arrangements of the station, on Tuesday.—On that day there was something like a riot at a Women's Suffrage meeting at St. James's Hall, where the irreconcilables of the movement endeavoured to show their disapproval of the moderation of Sir ALBERT ROLLIT's Bill by storming the platform. A more peaceful conversation on the same subject was held elsewhere the same evening with success.—The Durham engineers' strike, which is estimated to have cost about half a million of money, to settle whether plumbers may or engineers must fit two-inch pipes, has come to an end; but it must be remembered that this has nothing to do with the coal strike, which is still proceeding.—A movement has been started at Cambridge for a compromise on the University jurisdiction question, by assigning it to, or sharing it with, the borough magistrates. The better way, perhaps, would be to keep the University jurisdiction to the University, but to employ a trained magistrate or lawyer to exercise it. The University has since formally petitioned against Mr. PENROSE FITZGERALD's Bill.

**Obituary.** Sir LEWIS PELLY was very well known, first as an Indian "political" of eminence, and then as a member of Parliament. He was not generally thought of as a soldier, but he had never left the army, and was actually gazetted General on the very day of his death. He was not a young man, and it is not impossible that the heart disease, of which he died, may have been aggravated by annoyance at the partisan action of Mr. GLADSTONE and the Opposition generally in the matter of the Mombassa Railway and its "three Directors," of whom he was one. At any rate, the undeserved slur was said at the time to have affected him very deeply.—With Sir JAMES ALLPORT another of the group of shrewd men of business who made the present English railway system has passed away.—Mr. WILLIAM ASTOR was a rich man.—M. HENRI DUVEYRIER, who committed suicide while suffering from melancholia, was well known to students of geography and of French literature as an explorer of the Sahara.—Mr. J. G. LONSDALE, former Fellow of Balliol, and Professor of Classics in King's College, London, had taken part in the translation of VIRGIL which we mentioned last week in connexion with the death of his collaborator, Mr. S. LEE.

**Books, &c.** The chief book of the week has been Mr. FROUDE's *Spanish Story of the Armada*, and other Essays, containing not a little of that writing at which persons who glory in being able to avoid slips of the pen cavil. "Would that their pens would slip like his!" to vary the old wish.—An addition to the list of cheap weekly journals seeking popular favour has been made in the shape of *Sala's Journal*, not entirely, but to some considerable extent, written and edited by Mr. SALA, who in many changes of popular journalism has always managed to keep himself abreast of popularity without losing the right to respect and liking.

#### RAVACHOL AND THE COWARDS.

**T**HERE is, or at least there ought to be, one, and only one, opinion as to the motive of the French jury which gave its verdict on Wednesday. A bare statement of the facts almost supersedes the necessity for comment. The jury had to try four men and a woman

charged with having caused recent dynamite outrages in Paris. The members of the jury belonged to a class which has lately, by its terrified clamour, induced the Chamber to pass a law making this offence capital even when no loss of life has ensued. Of the prisoners three pleaded ignorance, or appealed to mercy. RAVACHOL and SIMON made no disguise, but a boast, of their guilt. RAVACHOL defended his crimes on the ground that they were designed to terrify juries and judges into treating Anarchist prisoners with more tenderness. It appears from his own avowals that he had committed many previous crimes, all of which he alleges were done in order to secure funds for carrying on the "campaign against society." His advocate, Maître LAGASSE, openly took the line that the pretence of a political object is an excuse for common criminal acts. At the close of his speech he went so far as to threaten the jury with the vengeance of the Anarchists if they found against his clients. It was while they were fresh from this threat that the jury acquitted the three minor offenders, and found sentences of guilty with extenuating circumstances against RAVACHOL and SIMON.

The only possible explanation of this verdict is the cowardice of the jurymen. The analogy which is made out between their conduct and that of Irish juries in cases of political and agrarian crime is only partially sound. Terror has had great influence in Ireland; but it has been assisted by sympathy with these forms of crime. There is no shadow of probability that the Parisian jury sympathized in the most remote degree with RAVACHOL and his accomplices. On the contrary, the whole class to which they belong has been inexpressibly angered and frightened by them. As long as no personal responsibility is thrown on the individual Parisian, he is eager to hear that sharper penalties have been invented for the castigation of his enemies. So soon, however, as he is picked out to assist in enforcing the law which he has just demanded should be strengthened, his anger is driven out by anxiety as to his personal safety, and he displays the most abject poltroonery. It is no excuse for the jury that their panic did not nerve them to acquit the prisoners altogether. Their whole conduct justifies the contemptuous belief that they were restrained from taking this thorough course by a counter-fear of public contempt, and that between the two they had recourse to one of those miserable compromises which are the common refuge of the caitiff choir who have not virtue to pronounce either for God or the Devil. The story that they agreed among themselves not to give extenuating circumstances, and then proceeded to vote by ballot, when it was found that seven of the twelve had voted for them, is only made doubtful by the numbers given. In the circumstances unanimity might have been expected. It is some consolation that they will infallibly meet with the usual reward of such poor creatures. They will undergo the contempt of those whom they were bound to defend, which will not be the less savage because it will be uttered by many who would have done no better in similar circumstances, and they will be still obnoxious to the vengeance of those whom they basely endeavoured to propitiate. Nor can we agree with those who say that the official members of the Court set the jury a good example. M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE, indeed, did his duty as Public Prosecutor with spirit and with a wealth of florid denunciation quite in keeping with the traditions of his office. So much cannot be said of any other member of the Court. It is for the Faculty of Advocates to decide whether Maître LAGASSE abused his privileges when he endeavoured, with scandalous success, to influence the jury by hints of criminal violence. We still flatter ourselves that there is no part of HER

MAJESTY'S dominions in which such an act on the part of counsel would not entail instant disbarring. The very exceptional moderation displayed by the President, M. GUES, was at best suspicious. No Englishman has ever been able to see without disgust the license which French presidents often allow themselves in taunting and bullying the prisoner. It is the French equivalent for the browbeating of witnesses by the baser kind of English barrister, and is on the whole the more ignoble, since it is the safer. If M. GUES'S moderation had been shown in an ordinary case, it would have been wholly laudable. When, however, he behaved with a quite extraordinary degree of suavity, when he was punctiliously careful to explain that his office compelled him to ask unpleasant questions of the confessed scoundrel at the bar, it is not unfair to suspect that he too was influenced by the feelings which swayed the jury. It would not look well if Serjeant STRYVER became nervously polite, for the first time in his life, with a hostile witness who had notoriously cudgelled a barrister.

The shock which the result of this trial has caused, not only in France but throughout Europe, is thoroughly intelligible. It is not the first, but it is by far the most important, concession on the part of those whose duty and interest it is to administer the law to the pestilent modern doctrine that a political object excuses crimes. But for this ignoble verdict it would, we should have thought, have been unnecessary to insist on the absurdity of this excuse. Putting aside all the previous and boasted crimes of RAVACHOL, for which he was not being tried, it was not denied that he had with the most reckless brutality endeavoured to cause the death of a large number of persons, he did not care who or how many; and yet because this murderer—in act by his own confession, in intention by the overwhelming evidence before the Court as well as by his own avowal—this robber of graves, this associate of coiners and smugglers, can repeat a few stock phrases about the sufferings of the poor and his intention to amend them, his philanthropic object, for which we have nobody's word but his, is gravely pleaded as an excuse. Not only so, but it is accepted by a jury, to whom it was presented accompanied by a threat which ought to have aroused the indignation of men of any spirit. That they may have concealed their cowardice to themselves by the miserable excuse that the man may yet be condemned to the death he has doubly earned for the murder of the "hermit of Chambles" only increases the infamy. For that crime also he pleads a political purpose. It was to accumulate funds for the outrages. If the jury at Montbrison is also composed of twelve muddle-headed and cowardly men, he will probably profit by extenuating circumstances there too. It is impossible to see what crime may not be committed with comparative impunity under the protection of the cant which has been so useful to RAVACHOL. We are, however, treating the verdict of the jury with too much respect in even making-believe to think that this imbecile doctrine had any influence on them. If the dock had been occupied, not by this wretch, but by some hot-headed Royalist who had given way to natural contempt for a Radical, or by some passionate Clerical who had gone too far in asserting his principles, the jury would have treated the plea as an aggravation of the offence. It was not because RAVACHOL pleaded a political object that he escaped so easily. It was because he belongs to a body of unscrupulous villains, who work for their ends by crime directed against individuals, who had revenged themselves by outrage on the very previous day, that he was tenderly handled.

This scandalous miscarriage of justice creates a very serious position for the Government of France. It is clear that no reliance can be placed on the courage or honour of a Parisian jury. This, of course, is equiva-



lent to partial, if not total, disarmament in the presence of enemies who will certainly take full advantage of their opportunity. The successful blowing-up of M. VÉRY'S café proves to demonstration that the Anarchists have not been crushed by the capture of RAVACHOL and his immediate gang. We shall not join in with those who throw all the blame on the Parisian police. Both the efficiency and the authority of that force have been much weakened of late years by the exertions of those very persons who are now in full cry against it. Besides, outrages which can be executed by a single resolute man are difficult to prevent in a crowded city, and in places which are necessarily open to all comers. As long as severe punishment is certain to follow detection, and the law-abiding community supports the authorities, they can, however, be kept down, and after a time stamped out. But when the punishment is uncertain and the community is cowed, they will infallibly increase in number and audacity. That this is the case at present is only too obvious. The call for the establishment of capital punishment, followed by the proof that there is not the courage to apply it, shows that the bourgeoisie of Paris is in one of those phases of helpless cowardice which have permitted all the worst crimes in its history. The only possible remedy is to take from these cowards the means of helping their worst enemies. A resolute Ministry might, indeed we are convinced would, find no great difficulty in effecting the change. The same poltroonery which makes the Parisian grovel to a resolute black-guard like RAVACHOL would make him consent cheerfully to be relieved of privileges which he is not man enough to exercise. The doubt is not whether a Ministry could do it, but whether this present stopgap can. It is already the object of clamour, and the French are preparing, after their time-honoured custom, to meet the danger of wreck by throwing captain and officers overboard. Deputies will probably be first concerned to get rid of M. LOUBET, who will not disarm them by his very complacent praise of his own foresight. Panic will probably, after a time, throw executive power into the hands of some resolute man who will satisfy the growing demand for special Courts not composed of born cowards. Then the Anarchists will be speedily cleared out; but then, also, France will give another proof that it has not the manhood to exercise the freedom of which it is for ever talking.

#### THE HAMPSTEAD INQUEST.

THE Coroner's jury which sat upon the victims of the fatal crush at Hampstead, on Bank Holiday, was not, to put it mildly, prejudiced in favour of the London and North-Western Railway. The verdict practically attributes the deaths of the two women and six boys who were suffocated at the bottom of the stairs to the position of the ticket-box, and to the insufficient arrangements of the Company for the control of the traffic, which, though extraordinary, was anticipated. With regard to the box, the jurors are undoubtedly right. The rest of their censure, upon supposed official shortcomings, is more impulsive than just. The station at Hampstead Heath is familiar to all Londoners. There has been no change in it for years. Bank Holidays have come and gone, fine Saturdays and Sundays have brought their usual crowds to "Jack Straw's Castle" and the "Spaniards." But there has never been an accident at the station before—"not so much as a child's finger hurt," Inspector SMITH said. At last there is a catastrophe, and everybody immediately discovers that everything has always been wrong. This is a little hard, even on a bodiless and soulless Corporation. The London and North-Western Railway is one of the greatest and wealthiest Companies

in the world. It has no excuse for a cheeseparing policy when the safety of the travelling public, out of whose pockets it makes such handsome dividends, is directly or indirectly concerned. But a perusal of the evidence given before the Coroner conclusively proves that no such policy was pursued. No fair-minded reader of the case can doubt that the Company's servants were perfectly satisfied with the management of the station and its approaches, that everybody took them as a matter of course, and that no complaint even remotely bearing upon the causes of this accident had ever been made. It was, indeed, suggested that the Hampstead Vestry, with a sagacity not usual in such bodies, had foreseen what occurred, and had cautioned the North-Western against it. But, when this assertion came to be sifted, it was found to be all chaff and no wheat. For what the Vestry had proposed was not any alteration in the structure or mechanism of the staircase, but the widening of the roadway, which, while it may have been more strictly within the province of the vestrymen, had about as much to do with the deplorable calamity of Easter Monday as the breadth of Oxford Street or the length of the Strand. It was further alleged that, so long ago as 1881, an engineer named PROSSER had protested to the Board of Trade against the placement of the ticket-box, then in course of erection. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, however, may make himself easy. He is not a constructive president. For what Mr. PROSSER denounced as dangerous was not the box at the foot of the stairs as it now is, but the box on the platform as it was intended to be and has never been. The real source of peril escaped notice altogether.

How the accident happened anybody can now see for himself. A train leaves Hampstead Heath for Willesden, and various points on the District Railway, at four minutes past six. A crowd of holiday-makers were returning from the Heath to catch it or an excursion train just after it. A shower came on, or at least threatened, and the people hurried into the station for shelter. There is a staircase to each platform, but most of them rushed to the right side. There are doors in the middle, which were open. But they are faced by the booking-office, and would be of little or no use in mitigating a crush. The stairs are wide enough to hold three persons abreast. Only two persons can pass through the gate at the bottom, the remaining space being occupied by the ticket-box. Therefore the pressure from above could not be properly relieved from below, and before the block was removed by lifting some women bodily to the platform, eight lives had been sacrificed on the shrine of ST. LUBBOCK. Such a thing might have happened on any Bank Holiday. The occurrence of a shower just before a train was due caused it to happen on Easter Monday, 1892. As Bank Holidays seem to be a permanent institution, the only alternative is to remove the ticket-box, and that will now, of course, be done. Captain Fox describes the position of the box at the foot of the stairs, instead of at the head, as "a very great error of judgment." If somebody could have made this observation before, a great deal of pain and misery would have been saved. Captain Fox quaintly remarked that he considered the long immunity of the station from accidents as a "case of Providence only." But Providence helps those who help themselves, and it is not consistent with any sound system of theology to suppose that the operations of Providence are suspended on Bank Holidays. Meanwhile it ought to be recorded that there were ten additional servants of the Company on duty at Hampstead on that day, and that among them was the Chief Inspector of Traffic. This functionary, Mr. JOHN SMITH, went to the Heath

with another inspector, at two o'clock in the afternoon, "to get an idea of what the traffic would be." A more rational precaution could hardly have been taken than that. On the other hand, a respectable witness from Highbury described how a number of noisy young men and women, duly provided with squirts, "amused themselves by pushing about." These social pests swarm on Bank Holidays, and are now shown to be a danger as well as a nuisance.

#### POET AND HOME RULER.

A BEAUTEOUS broadsheet, printed in divers—that is to say, two—colours, informs us of the political and fiscal sentiments of "WILLIAM JOHN MOTE (*Home Ruler*)," who was born on Good Friday, April 4th, 1828. This shows that he is a poet, for only poets go on writing verses in their thirteenth lustrum. By a pair of weird coincidences, "The Author's Wife" was born on St. Valentine's Day, and (more wondrous still) "One of the Author's Daughters" keeps her birthday on St. Patrick's Day. The song which Mr. MOTE contributes to the harmony of the world is intended to be used by the "Electors of Greater London," and is a sort of battle-hymn, inspiring them to elect "only True Progressives" as members of Parliament. The ends which the bard sets before himself are similar to those of the new ruler of France, the immense RAVACHOL; but there is nothing to show that he contemplates any of that hero's means. That is, not a syllable from beginning to end of the ballad faintly suggests the murder of hermits, or even body-snatching, as a method of regenerating society. On the contrary, finance is the subject of it, and it disposes conclusively of the fallacy that there is no poesy in figures.

Unfortunately the music of the piece is not published, nor, indeed, has the sheet on which it appears been designed by Mr. WALTER CRANE. But it may almost be said to sing itself. This is how it begins:—

While wealthy Peers and Squires receive  
A thousand pounds per day,  
Or week, or month, or year, we grieve  
For Working Men's low pay.

A "chorus" follows, about "got no work to do" and the "Upper Ten," but this should not distract our minds from the economical problem, the statement of which constitutes the body of the poem. "One hundred million pounds a year; Yes, forty millions more, Are spent in Spirits, Wine and Beer; Which, God-like, men deplore." It may be God-like to deplore the expenditure, but then, why indulge in it? "Those millions," says the next stanza, "well spent, other-wise, In Houses, Clothes, and Food, Would Surplus Labour utilize: A Sequel! Wise and Good!" But then what would become of them who labour in breweries and distilleries, the draymen, and the pot-boys? After this the argument becomes too subtle for plain minds to follow; but millions and hundreds of millions are chucked about with Oriental profusion and endless wealth of rhetorical imagery. One stanza, however, rings out clearly and simply:—

The maximum of wealth should be  
One hundred thousand pounds:  
No more! can public policy  
Allow on any grounds.

The sumptuary law suggested has a sweetly rounded simplicity; but there appears to be the objection to it that such wealthy peers and squires as had attained the maximum which public policy would allow would be receiving considerably more than the sinful "thousand pounds a year" denounced in the opening stanza—unless, indeed, rates of interest were made the subject of similarly drastic legislation.

WILLIAM JOHN MOTE (*Home Ruler*) "solicits"

"donations by postal orders, &c. by true Progressives, for the Re-printing and Free Distribution of this Song." But that it seems unlikely that he would accept postal orders, &c. from any one except true Progressives, we should be tempted to make him a donation, on condition that he would sing us another. We have so few poets and so few financiers nowadays, that a person who combines both faculties ought to be encouraged. In any case, we perceive in Mr. MOTE a brilliant instance of the wisdom of him who said "Let me write the songs of the people, and you may appoint the members of its House of Commons." If Mr. MOTE comes forward definitely to offer us this bargain, we shall accept it with due humility—and there might be worse arrangements.

#### WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

IT is natural and reasonable that the adherents of Women's Suffrage should be elated at the result of the division on Sir ALBERT ROLLIT'S Bill on Wednesday. They had expected, we believe, to be beaten by a very much larger majority, and the actual result of having come within five and twenty of a win will, no doubt, enable them to bear with equanimity the reminders of nasty statisticians that, after all, they did not muster in votes and pairs much more than a bare quarter of the House; that the result was due less to new recruits on their side than to the indifference of those on the other to a question which had been made a warm one, and was pretty certain to be decided in one way only; that the same number of votes, and even a higher, has been given for a Women's Suffrage Bill before now; and that such a Bill was once actually carried in the House of Commons. The actual numbers, and perhaps something in the debate, will, no doubt, enable them to say "Get thee behind me" to these accusers.

Although the said debate was by no means dull, it was creditably free from any of the mere clowning to which the question lends itself easily, and in which the British journalist, stimulated by the row on Tuesday night at St. James's Hall, has not failed to steep himself. It was even a decidedly remarkable debate. But it was an excessively odd one. To read the speeches of Mr. BRYCE and Mr. ASQUITH in particular is to feel, like RIP VAN WINKLE, turned upside down. Can it be possible that Mr. BRYCE is only Lord ELDON transmigrated? Is Mr. ASQUITH'S real name Sir CHARLES WETHERELL? To the arguments of these learned gentlemen we have no objection; they are excellent arguments, though sadly out of fashion. But, out of fashion or in fashion, what conceivable business have they in their mouths? Mr. BRYCE pooh-poohing the argument that "women would rise to the functions given them"? Mr. BRYCE saying "we knew we could not stop there"? Mr. ASQUITH condemning "those who say that a thing must come if it is shouted for loudly enough and is cloaked in a democratic disguise"? Mr. ASQUITH asserting that "they had to ask themselves, not merely whether the average woman is fit for the franchise, but whether the franchise was fit for the average woman"? Why, the greatest Tory in England might take these questions, and these propositions, and say, "All this do I most steadfastly believe." And are we to take Mr. BRYCE for a Radical, and Mr. ASQUITH for a Home Ruler, when they nail these colours to the mast? Mr. BALFOUR, like a good debater, made partial use of this extraordinary topsy-turvy in his speech; yet we think that if we were Women's Suffragists we should not be wholly comforted by Mr. BALFOUR'S argument, though we might bless him for his vote. It is not that, as some seem to have thought, there is anything specially Radical in this speech. Mr. BALFOUR'S Toryism is



known to be of an elastic and conciliatory character in some respects, and we do not see any special stretching of it on this occasion. After Free Education and Local Government for Ireland, Women's Suffrage is a "civil game"—a gnat after two fine camels, a mere 240th penny to make up the pound. But some of his arguments were odd. It was a little odd to say that men over sixty cannot fight for their country in the very week when Austria is celebrating the memory of a certain RADETSKY, who, if we remember rightly, was 83 when he won Novara. It was odd too, with an ingenious oddity characteristic of the speaker, to base support of the measure on Mr. BALFOUR's very praiseworthy habit of taking the chair at Primrose League meetings. Primrose League meetings are not confined to that rather limited class of women which Sir ALBERT ROLLIT's Bill seeks to benefit, and to ask women to exercise their influence in the way in which we all admit it, is surely not the same thing as to say that they ought to have influence of a quite different kind. Nay, might not the giving of the vote to them be in this sense fatal? So long as they have none of their own, it is but polite to vote as they wish; when they can vote themselves their *locus standi* ceases.

However, there is no doubt that on this occasion the speakers for the Bill had the best of it, because of the sweeping arguments *ad hominem* which their opponents were able to apply, and which were only retorted in one case, that of Sir HENRY JAMES on Mr. COURTNEY. Both debate and division will no doubt leave, as they generally do leave, outsiders of the same opinion still. The simple fact is, that recent extensions of the franchise have made it nearly impossible for a speaker against a measure of this kind to take any other ground than the ground that has been abandoned by both sides. Fitness? How can any woman be less fit than the electors who rejoice in being represented by Mr. CONYBEARE and Mr. ALPHEUS C. MORTON? Interest in public affairs? How could any one of Sir ALBERT ROLLIT's intended beneficiaries be worse than the man who being on the register in virtue of lodging or house, and paying no taxes whatever, except those on what he drinks and smokes, rallies to the cry of "burdens on the taxpayer"? Knowledge? Is it possible for any woman to know less than the average elector? Prejudice? Is it possible for any woman to have more than the small tradesman who votes against any one who "deals with the Stores," the Trade-Unionist who wants nothing except to be allowed to bash blacklegs, the teetotaler who is prepared to vote for any one who will let him prevent his neighbour from having a glass of beer? The way is blocked in all these directions, and nothing remains except to copy the old saying on the freedom of the will. "We know women oughtn't to have votes, and there's an end of it." But Mr. BRYCE and Mr. ASQUITH were not brave enough for that.

#### LITERARY PLAGIARISM AND PROPERTY.

TO admit the existence of plagiarism is a much easier matter than to frame a satisfactory definition, or produce a perfect illustration of it. Though you have the faith of EDGAR ALLAN POE, and be an old hand in the detection of parallel columns, there is still the unknown law of coincidence to be dealt with. No one can pretend to an accurate knowledge of the operations of that law. Hence it has appeared to thoughtful observers that there are dubious or illusive points in cases of literary plagiarism of which so plentiful a crop has sprung up of late years. At the best, or worst, there

has generally been some suggestion of an invisible world displayed, something of a murky world and a vaporous. Just as the case has advanced to a most promising phase of development, the implicated author intervenes, as the unconscious medium of coincidence. He is the victim of that mediumistic influence which no man has yet fathomed. He regards the parallel column and other *pièces d'accusation* with the innocent eye of ignorance. He knows nothing of the works in question, and, on his conscience, none but himself can be his parallel. The result is mystery, and something of an advertisement. Common enough are such instances to have become tedious.

Not so common, however, is the most recent case to hand, communicated to an evening paper by Mr. H. A. KENNEDY. It has other novel elements than its simplicity and the absence of "parallels." Much has been heard from authors of books that have helped them—of course, in all honesty—but of reviews that have helped them authors have little or nothing to say. The uncommon acknowledgment of this not uncommon service is what Mr. KENNEDY makes in telling his simple story. It may surprise Mr. WALTER BESANT, by the way, who dislikes the reviewing of "works in batches," to learn that the review that has helped Mr. KENNEDY was produced under the old "batch" system. Some years ago, it seems, Mr. KENNEDY became the happy possessor of a "Persian perfume-holder of pierced brasswork." It occurred to him "to fancy out the story of such an Oriental workman" as may have made it. How he lived, loved, and "died." The story was written, and duly appeared in *Temple Bar*, under the title "SELIM the Unsociable." Three years later, Mr. KENNEDY's attention was drawn to a notice in the *Saturday Review*, last month, of "The Perfume Holder," by Mr. CRAVEN LANGSTROTH BETTS, a volume of verse, published in America, and becomingly bound in virgin white and gold. It was a pretty book to outward view, and of "neat, rhymed" "heroics" within. The reviewer, whose remarks Mr. KENNEDY quotes in full, after referring to the skill with which Mr. BETTS "turns a Persian tale," proceeds to observe:—"Whether Mr. BETTS is the sole author, or 'has adopted the story from a foreign source, we do not know, though there is one curious error in it 'that suggests the latter origin. An astrologer has 'warned the lady of the poem of 'a flight of black-' 'birds' as an evil sign. In Persia, or anywhere, this 'would be a remarkable sight indeed; and how the 'blackbirds could be seen in the desert

"Ominous and black against the heavens remote;

"and how they could make a 'rattling' with their 'wings, are matters hard to solve. Of course 'black' 'birds' is what should have been written, meaning 'raven, or crow, or some other dark fowl of evil 'repute.' Here was enough for Mr. KENNEDY to recognize his magazine story, done into verse by an American bard. "The reviewer," he says, "is right 'in all his surmises." Mr. KENNEDY recognizes the astrologer as his, the "flight of black birds" as his very words, and the kind of bird suggested by the reviewer as the kind he intended. Mr. KENNEDY's birds also "rise black and ominous" against a distant sky and make "a rattle of their wings." Altogether, though he has not read the poem of Mr. CRAVEN LANGSTROTH BETTS, he declares "the poem is obviously 'taken from my story." Had he known that the hero of the poem is also an unsociable Persian craftsman, the maker of a perfume-holder, the unhappy lover of a lady who consults an astrologer, he might have abandoned his conviction that there is plain plagiarism in the case, and become a firm believer in the mystical law of coincidence. For it is only when your case looks alluringly complete that you begin to suspect it of illusion and the working of that dread law.

Mr. CRAVEN LANGSTROTH BETTS may explain—indeed, should explain. He, also, may have been the proud possessor of a Persian perfume-holder. He may have cherished it, and made it the object of his dreaming fancy, speculating on the maker of it, and his life. From this the sequence of ideas flows naturally to the lover, the beloved, the unhappy separation of the lovers, the astrologer, and the augury. Even the error of “the flight of blackbirds”—the little circumstance that has set this strange case moving—may not have been due to Mr. BETTS, but to the mistake of the free and independent American printer. Thus the case may appear as a perfect illustration of our theme. Mr. KENNEDY, who does not know how complete it is, thinks he might be protected “when Bards of Prey” loom ominous and black against the heaven remote.” As he contemplates republishing his story, he may well be apprehensive lest he should be convicted of plagiarizing himself—“which is absurd,” he observes. But if Mr. CRAVEN LANGSTROTH BETTS owned a Persian perfume-holder some years ago, the object of his poetic fancy, and so forth, who shall say that Mr. KENNEDY is secure from the absurdity when his book reaches the United States, where the sensitive author has true protection?

#### MR. BURT ON LABOUR QUESTIONS.

THE fact that Mr. BURT is, and we hope is likely to remain, in the House of Commons is a satisfactory incident of contemporary politics. It is customary to call Mr. BURT a labour representative. It may not be captious to reply that in the House of Commons he does not represent labour, but the borough of Morpeth. We might as reasonably call Sir CHARLES RUSSELL a law representative, or Sir WILLIAM HOULDSWORTH a cotton-factory representative, or Admiral FIELD a quarter-deck representative, to the disparagement of Hackney, Manchester, and Eastbourne, as describe Mr. BURT as member, not for Morpeth, but for labour. He has more than the usual title to be spoken of by the name of the borough for which he sits, since he was returned by it at the last General Election without opposition, and therefore is, more directly and intimately than some others, the representative of all orders and conditions of men in the community, and not merely of the class to which he belongs, and with which, no doubt, his sympathies connect him. Mr. BURT stands by his order as legitimately and as honourably as the Whig peer did who first gave the phrase currency. He supports it, but in doing so he reminds us that, in morals as well as in physical things, what supports resists, and supports only by resisting. That which yields and gives way to pressure will bring to the ground whatever rests upon it. Mr. BURT's opposition to the payment of members by the State, to the legal eight hours, and to the ill-considered strike which is impoverishing the workmen and imperilling the industries of the North, shows a courage on his part which is as honourable to him as the respect for that courage is honourable to his constituents.

Mr. BURT displayed a capacity unusual in the class to which he belongs, and not very common in any class, of raising himself above the standpoint of his order, on an occasion on which failure to do so might have been excusable. In his speech at Durham on Monday, at the annual Conference of the Miners' National Union, he uttered some home truths the plain statement of which was as creditable to him as the tolerant, and even sympathetic, reception of them was to the miners of the Durham, Northumberland, and Cleveland districts who listened to and applauded them. Probably they are converts, not solely of Mr.

BURT's arguments, but of the distress which they have suffered and are suffering, and which they see around them—pupils in the school of experience, the best of teachers, it has been said, were not its fees so high. The miners, who had been the advocates of sliding scales and arbitration, objected to them because they had resulted in a reduction of wages. They might as well reproach the thermometer for causing the temperature which it registers. If arbitration has almost always been followed by a decline in the rate of wages, it is because recourse to it takes place usually in a falling market. Men do not call for arbitration against a proposed increase of wages. To prefix to an inevitable decline in earnings the loss of savings and often of health involved in an unsuccessful strike, is to add a voluntary and permanent sacrifice to an involuntary and temporary one. Working-men who have learned the lesson that they cannot wrest from employers payment which makes capital unprofitable sometimes fancy that labourers and employers might combine to levy a sort of blackmail on the consumer. This policy resembles that of the theatrical manager who was so indignant at his thin houses that he declared that he would raise his prices, and keep the rascals out altogether. Prices may be raised, but, unless purchases can be compelled, high prices may be accompanied by empty pockets.

On another point to which Mr. BURT referred, valuable testimony was received from other parts of the world, almost while he was speaking. Mr. BURT spoke of the difference of opinion as to compulsory eight-hours legislation, and declared his belief that the miners of the North would refuse to leave it to others to decide when they should begin and when they should leave off work. The experience of our colonies has been cited by writers like Sir CHARLES DILKE and speakers like Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in proof of the practicability and advantage of this scheme. The late Mr. BRADLAUGH contested the assertions confidently made on this subject, and a return which has just been published by the Colonial Office confirms his scepticism. The reduction of labour to eight hours by legislation is in our various Australasian and American colonies confined almost entirely to the labour of women and children. In most other cases where it exists, it does so by agreement between the employers and the employed, a way of arranging matters to which no one can object. In fact, colonial legislation rather lags behind than advances upon the restrictions imposed by our Factory Acts. The hours voluntarily adopted vary with the different conditions of different colonies and trades. The elections in Victoria show that the labouring classes in that colony are unlearning the lesson that their interests are distinct from that of the community, and require to be guarded by the election, exclusively or in predominating numbers, of labouring men to the Legislature. The doctrine is more talked about than acted upon here. It will, no doubt, continue to be talked about, but we doubt whether it will be ever extensively acted on.

#### AN OPPORTUNIST WITH A DIFFERENCE.

IN politics, as in literature, it not infrequently happens to mere simplicity and directness to produce an effect of the raciest originality; and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE has just furnished us with a notable illustration of this in his recent address to the Liberal-Unionists of Derby. Nothing quite like his character of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has ever, to the best of our recollection, formed part of any speech delivered in like circumstances by any public man. Many a political orator, of course, has before this indulged in a



review of the career and an analysis of the motives of an opponent; but we question whether any such speaker has ever before set about the work exactly in the Duke of DEVONSHIRE'S way:—that is to say, with perfect good nature and even friendliness, without any—or, if with any, with only a very occasional, and that the faintest—suspicion of irony, and in a spirit of impartiality which is quite obviously genuine, and not merely assumed for rhetorical purposes. Indeed, the transparent candour and good faith of the critic make the criticism such interesting and agreeable reading, and at the same time so admirably effective as party oratory, that we cannot help regretting, both on political and on purely artistic grounds, that such oratorical exercises are not common enough among us to have lost their air of originality. But the regret is no doubt an unreasonable one, for probably they could not be multiplied to advantage, unless we could also multiply examples of the rare, and indeed unique, personality to which this particular effort owes, both artistically and politically, its remarkable success.

This, however, is not to say that the character of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT as sketched by the Duke of DEVONSHIRE commends itself to our judgment as an absolutely perfect and satisfying portrait of the statesman. It is correct, we admit, in all its details; but the details themselves are incomplete. The analysis is accurate, but not ultimate. It stops short, as it seems to us, of its final process, and the kindness of the analyst is nowhere more strikingly attested than in the fact that, although the last step almost presses to be taken, he pauses where he does. Up to this point, indeed, we can go step by step with the Duke of DEVONSHIRE. We agree with him that those who say that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT "has no political principle" are even as those who said "that WARD'S no heart." WARD had a heart, the heart by which he got his speeches; and Sir WILLIAM has those principles by which he got his place in Mr. GLADSTONE'S Third Administration. He took them, and they are his by right of appropriation; and we further agree with the Duke that he has no others. But it is to the Duke's account of his way of coming by them that we find ourselves unable to subscribe. We do not care, indeed, to dispute his description of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT as an "Opportunist": but there are Opportunists and Opportunists; there is a higher and a lower species of the genus, and it is, in our opinion, an error in classification to place the member for Derby in the former species. "It is the part," as the Duke of DEVONSHIRE rightly says, of this order of Opportunists "not to endeavour to form an opinion, not to endeavour to promote or to push into prominence new opinions, not to adhere steadfastly to old opinions, but rather to watch and study the course of events, to gauge and estimate the force of public opinion and public prejudice, and to endeavour to guide rather than to form the public opinion he has thus gauged, not by any means necessarily for his own private and selfish ends, but may be for what he considers the best interests of his own country." Now, although we confess to feeling little sympathy even with this species of Opportunism, we are prepared to concede that it admits of plausible defence, and that it is a policy which has in more than one famous instance been adopted by statesmen of unimpeachable integrity and high public desert. But we hold that to ascribe it to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, or to any but one or two of those politicians who abetted Mr. GLADSTONE in his attack on the Union in 1886, is to put a far more favourable construction on their conduct than it deserves. They differ from the latter class of Opportunist by all the momentous moral difference which separates the man who yields to what he conceives to be the already formed and fixed opinion of a majority of his country-

men from him who, because he sees a powerful demagogue committed to the attempt to inoculate them with an entirely novel, false, and dangerous opinion on a political question of long standing, and fears that that demagogue will be successful, arrays himself upon his side. With all respect to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, it is straining charity to the point of weak indulgence to credit the HARCOURTS and CAMPBELL-BANNERMANS with the belief that the electorate had themselves executed Mr. GLADSTONE'S right-about-face on the Irish question at the same moment and with the same agility as himself. No; they could not and did not believe anything so improbable in itself, and so absolutely unsupported by evidence of any kind. What they did believe was that Mr. GLADSTONE'S "dæmonic" influence over the nation was so irresistible that he could persuade it to perform this facing-about evolution in due time—or, in other words, at the general election which would probably ensue on the certain repudiation (and they clearly foresaw no other) of Mr. GLADSTONE'S scheme by the House of Lords. If this be Opportunism, it is assuredly Opportunism of a new and far less respectable kind than that which has previously answered to the name. It is a waiting on the opportunity of taking advantage, not of a state of public opinion, but of the hold of a particular statesman upon popular ignorance and gullibility.

That this is an appreciably more immoral and a vastly more dangerous kind of Opportunism than the other it is superfluous to point out. When the Duke of DEVONSHIRE says "that he does not think there is anything necessarily discreditable in it," the observation can only claim our assent by confining itself strictly to the Opportunism which starts from a *bonâ fide* belief that a self-governing community has finally determined upon a given line of action, and that its will is irresistible. As has been said above, we have scant sympathy even with this form of Opportunism; for while it is clearly a mischievous, we can only doubtfully say that it is not a "discreditable," practice on the part of politicians to throw their whole weight into an apparently descending scale of questionable opinion, on the mere strength of a belief—the truth of which their very act precludes them from testing—that the scale would descend without their added weight. But if we can strain a point to acquit this class of Opportunist of discredit, it is quite impossible to extend the same indulgence to the other class—to the politicians who consciously and deliberately aid and abet in the manufacture of a public opinion which they do not themselves hold, because they fear that otherwise it is going to be manufactured without their assistance, and they will lose their share of the profits which are expected to accrue from the process. The truth is that, if the Duke of DEVONSHIRE will review the events of 1886, and his own and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S share in them, with complete impartiality, and with less of his kindly desire to make out as good a case as possible for an old political comrade, he will see clearly enough that the conduct of those of Mr. GLADSTONE'S colleagues who "went over" with him can be explained without any reference whatever to the then state of public opinion, actual or supposed. Their motive of action can be compressed into the simple formula—that they thought Mr. GLADSTONE "bound to win," and backed him accordingly. They are not worthy to be described by any title of so much dignity as that of mistaken politicians; they are simply unlucky gamblers, who staked their money on a superstition and lost it.

PORTRAIT OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE  
BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

THERE was no reason why the second reading of the Clergy Discipline Bill should have taken up much more time than was required for Mr. BALFOUR's speech introducing the measure. But as the political Dissenter is with us, and is what he is, waste of time over the second reading was to be expected. The waste might have been worse, and part of the time was spent in an amusing, and even in an informing, way. For this good fortune the House had to thank, first, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, and then Mr. GLADSTONE—Mr. LLOYD GEORGE because he gave an example of the political Dissenter in a phase of his activity about which we shall use no adjective, and Mr. GLADSTONE because he was good enough to apply himself at some length to the manifestly hopeless task of enlightening Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. What followed was a waste of time, pure and simple, which would have justified a much earlier application of the Closure. When this test was at last applied, it was found that half Thursday evening had been spent on talk over the second reading of a measure which had the support of 230 members against 17.

It would be discourteous to take it for granted that any man would have failed to foresee the kind of speech which would be made by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. If the problem were stated thus—Given a Bill which is to relieve the Church from a favourite reproach of the Dissenters by putting it in the power of the Bishop to remove a "criminous clerk" at a less cost than the half or even the whole of his episcopal income for the year, what line would a political Dissenter take towards that Bill? The answer of any tolerably instructed person would, we are sure, be—he would oppose it because it is an interference by Parliament with spiritual things, and he would probably be found to be seriously concerned for the dignity of the Bishops and the independence of the clergy. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, though he allowed that "the success of the Reformation Parliament proved that Parliament was eminently fit to deal with spiritual affairs," did not think that this Parliament is. What that interesting body the Reformation Parliament exactly was, and what spiritual things it dealt with, and how a mere amendment of the procedure by which the removal of criminal clerks is to be made a quicker and cheaper process can be said to be an interference with spiritual things, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE did not explain. He found it easier to devote himself at some length to argument and historical illustration of this calibre, all professing to be full of anxiety for the good of the Church, and all, to be frank, inspired by other feelings than the pressing desire to save her from being relieved of a defect in her discipline which is useful to the Dissenters.

It was the peculiar merit of the debate that the task of disposing of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was taken in hand by the Leader of the Opposition. Any pronouncement of Mr. GLADSTONE's on the subject of the Church must now have a peculiar interest. The position of an ardent supporter of the Establishment who has been converted to partial Disestablishment by a survey of the register for Wales is one which makes all speaking on the theme a matter of some difficulty. The delicacy of it is not lessened when it falls to Mr. GLADSTONE to expostulate with an honourable friend from Wales, even when the honourable friend insists on making trouble in a most annoying, and not conspicuously honest, way. The ticklish character of the work explains and amply justifies a certain acerbity of tone from leader to follower—or, perhaps, we should say in this case from the ally who is annoyed to the ally who is causing the annoyance. It is all very well for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, looking at the whole matter from Wales, to oppose a measure which is acceptable

to the Church. But Mr. GLADSTONE has not yet been persuaded by the register that Disestablishment of the Church as a whole is one of those reforms which must be contemplated as necessary in the near future. To offend the whole when you would prefer to be able to confine yourself to the destruction of a part is not good management. No such mistake shall be forced upon Mr. GLADSTONE by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Therefore, the leader began by complimenting the follower on having made as good a case as the circumstances permitted, and then went on, with a growing severity, to prove to him that the line he had taken only allowed of the making of a very wretched case indeed. The line taken by his honourable friend was that the Bill would tend to promote Disestablishment; but—so said Mr. GLADSTONE—"I confess to a certain amount of suspicion that, if that were a conviction strongly felt by my honourable friend, I think there would not have been such a fund of hostility in his speech against the Bill as he has shown on this occasion." If the honourable friend did not know that he had been called in strictly Parliamentary language by a very ugly name, he must be very obtuse. From the pertinacity with which other honourable friends of the same kidney as Mr. LLOYD GEORGE continued to talk in the same tone that he adopted against a measure which is simply intended to amend the Church's powers of maintaining discipline, we conclude that they did know it, and that the knowledge did not improve their temper. The discovery that he had to speak to such purpose on such a matter, and with such small fruit, to honourable friends with whom he has allied himself on Church matters, may, perhaps, give Mr. GLADSTONE matter for reflection—but that is Mr. GLADSTONE's look-out.

MR. HUNTER'S SERIOUS JOKE.

IT would be madness to suspect Mr. HUNTER of a joke, and impiety to suggest that, if he made one, it would be at Mr. GLADSTONE's expense. Yet, on the other hand, it is extremely difficult to bring oneself to believe that when Mr. HUNTER drafted the Government of Scotland Bill, he had no other thought of a certain famous and deceased Government of Ireland Bill, or rather that he thought of it as a model only, and not as a butt. It is very hard to repress the indecent suspicion that every here and there in the course of settling its provisions he was seized with a wild desire to poke fun at his revered leader, and, taking the general scheme of his revered leader's defunct measure, to reduce it gently, demurely, even reverentially, to an absurdity. His exposition of his own Bill last Tuesday night was, at any rate, most artistically arranged to produce that impression. Its main provision was, he said, that "the whole legislative work of Scotland should be done in Scotland by the Scotch members of the House of Commons," and he added that the sphere assigned by the Bill to the Scotch legislative body was "almost precisely identical with that which was provided for Ireland in the Bill of 1886," or, in other words, that its definitions were almost precisely identical with the loosest, vaguest, and most desperately disputable definitions that legislator ever devised. Having thus complacently stated these primary recommendations of his Bill, Mr. HUNTER went on to show in a little more detail how it would work. The Scotch members "would meet in the autumn to transact Scotch business"—that is, we suppose, after having spent the summer in kindly intermeddling in the transaction of English business—and the Bills passed by them (and it is here that the aforesaid indecent suspicion of mockery obtrudes itself the most importantly) "would become law with the sanction of the Crown and without the interference of that



"House, or of the House of Lords." No pottering here, it will be seen, over those subtle distinctions between "constitutional" Home Rule and that other variety which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT once called "Fenian," and now would rather not talk about at all, if it is all the same to you. There is to be nothing in Mr. HUNTER's Home Rule but the "golden link of the Crown"—a provision which, if it is not meant as a satiric touch on the present hesitation and perplexities of the Gladstonians, is an excellent piece of undesigned satire thrown away.

But the skit on the defunct Irish Bill becomes almost too extravagant in the provision which follows. Mr. HUNTER evidently well recollects the criticisms which Mr. GLADSTONE had to encounter from those who insisted that the absence of any authority, judicial or other, to prevent the subordinate Legislature from outstepping its legislative province was a fatal defect in his scheme; and in the Government of Scotland Bill this omission is supplied. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is to be our Supreme Court. It is this learned body which is to decide with respect to any Bill of doubtful constitutional validity "whether the Scotch legislative body had transgressed 'the limits laid down for it'; and, in the event of their deciding that the Scotch legislative body has exceeded its powers, then—what? Why then "hon. members should take the advice of that Committee, "and not give their consent to the Bill if the Committee decided that it was a violation of 'the limits laid down.' A Supreme Court which apparently is to have no power of pronouncing judgment *in rem*, and whose decision will not, *ipso facto*, invalidate a proposed measure, but simply express a pious opinion of the Court, which members of the legislative body may respect "if they feel like it," but otherwise need not—this is a proposal so delightfully instinct with the "modern spirit" that it is almost a pity that Mr. HUNTER was counted out, and the opportunity of discussing it thereby lost. Still, a grave discussion would, perhaps, have been too serious a treatment for what might be a joke; and the House took, on the whole, the lesser risk of jocularly treating what was probably meant to be serious.

#### POCKET-MEN (THE IMPRESSIONS OF A FOREIGN CLUB-MEMBER).

WANTED, ACQUAINTANCES of BOTH SEXES. Must be thoroughbred; some brains, not wholly self-absorbed, some sense of the ridiculous. No Incumbrances.—Apply by letter first to X.Y.Z. Travellers.

IT might be worth while to send this advertisement to the *Times*; there are obvious reasons against the other dailies. Heaven only knows how many more may be in my position, and I might regret my lost solitude. Here I am, returned, after many years abroad, to find that I am a stranger and an alien, and that my place knows me no more. I looked forward with pleasure to seeing my relations and friends, and though I had made up my mind to finding my sisters more or less absorbed in their children, and my brothers in their dogs and stables, politics, &c., I was not prepared to find them playing the fool with Lady Merrygoround and Mrs. Fatfoozum, and my sisters never to be seen, luncheon and dinner excepted, without their Pocket-Men, and not to be seen at all half the time, because they are basking in the society of these chevaliers. In London it is bad enough, in country houses it becomes intolerable. And what on earth does it all mean?

There is much to be said for such incumbrances as dogs; there is something to be said for children, provided always one gets some attention from their mothers, and is not tempted to perjure one's soul away by unlimited appeals for admiration, or to listen to innumerable anecdotes of their pointless sayings and doings. Children are at least a natural incumbrance, and women who are mothers owe something to their offspring; but a Pocket-Man! a diseased, morbid excrement, contemptible in himself, and making the woman he appreciates equally contemptible—a simulated

passion, a simulated flirtation—what a sorry sight is this! And the Pocket-Man has not even the relative merit of originality; he is but a reappearance. He belongs to a race which has wandered through society under different names through all time. Now the little gentleman appears in attendance to and from Roman baths (to mention only more recent times); then, after a rest, he does duty in the Renaissance, with Florentine ladies babbling diluted Greek philosophy and toying with gems under the olives. He led the fashion in Florence, but was vigorously followed in varying degrees of refinement in all the Italian cities. He takes a slightly different shape, and less pretentious, as the centuries pass by, and blossoms under the Grand Monarque and his wretched successor with a most ingenuous frivolity, in Parisian dress, with much use of pocket-handkerchief and fan, and stilted quotations from poor Minerva's schools. Then we see him in less gorgeous clothes, with more dirt and less varnish, valeting, in little German Courts, German ladies who heavily try to flirt, and often succeed in more than accomplishing the fullest developments of that noble art.

And imitators have never been lacking in select sets of London society. There have always been stray members of this miserable race in every country and society; but as a race they have only blossomed under circumstances specially favourable—surroundings, I should say, peculiarly in harmony with the inner, essential, rotten possibilities of this parasitic growth. I have returned, as I said, to find myself a stranger, too young to settle down to club life, too old to be a Pocket-Man with any self-respect, and I am therefore a keen and unprejudiced observer of the men and ways of to-day. Having sickened of Belgravia and the regions around, I wandered out to the other world, to the stir and full life of Commercial Road, in the East End of London. There I sauntered idly along, speculating, in the glare of gas-jets illuminating gaudy drapers' shops, what Besant means by the dull monotony of the East End, with its great highways thronged with jostling hilarious crowds, the broad pavements enlivened by coster-trucks, petty fairings, peep-shows, and travelling quacks of all kinds; and confidential remarks in every other shop-window, or encouraging rhymes as sign-boards, relating to the mysteries of the trade within, or inviting the passer-by to slake his thirst or bait his hunger. So on and on I sauntered one evening a month ago, and all unexpected found the clue to the mystery of the Pocket-Man. For here in the highways of Stepney and Whitechapel the boys and girls streamed by, every Jack with his Jill; and, judging by the naked eye, the Jacks were on an average men of 16, and the Jills young women of 13 or 14. Many were older, no doubt; the average looks were unattractive; the average topics of conversation were very average indeed, and not seldom there was silence enlivened by flashes of pithy coarse witticisms, shouts and roars of laughter; but "every Jack had his Jill, so why not I?" or, it might be rendered, "every Jill has her Jack, so must I." Fired by this idea, I turned into the People's Palace to see whether within its elevating precincts, in the superior air of Bethnal Green, the same delights prevailed. Not so; here were men and lads without incumbrances; a few had a woman with them, a certain number of women were there with their families (poor souls!), and there were many young couples, some with a perambulator, some without, but the genuine Jack-and-Jill business was not to be seen. I sat down by a middle-aged man, and, after many fruitless attempts at conversation, I went to the point, and asked how it was there were so many men and boys here without their "young ladies," and apparently enjoying themselves. He smiled grimly, and, observing that he knew me—"You're one of the newspaper lot"—he found his tongue, and explained that, to begin with, the same class "as went in for your gal when you and she is babies" did not come to the People's Palace, as a rule; but, "if they could get rid of the gals by coming, no doubt the Palace 'ud be full of them. It's not that they like it or want it really, it's fashion. Fashion fools us all. I was one once. These young fellows and boys is older than you take them, but though they likes their young ladies now and again, they're as comfortable as possible free of them for a few hours." "And the girls?" "What do they say about it?" "That's another matter," he answered, shrugging his shoulders; "they can't appear in public, leastways in their public, without a young man. They would be pointed at as a slower if they have any looks or go, or dress worth

the name for occasions. If they are downright ugly and not much spirit, and not a hoistrix to their 'at, as they put it, they'd be pointed at as a gal who can't get a young man." "Does it generally mean business?" At this my companion stared at me, and roared with laughter. "Business! You don't know us up here, that's plain. Sometimes it ends in business, and in bad business too, or in marrying; but nine times out of ten it means as much as one of their feathers or Piccadillys or sham jewelry. It's fashion and vanity and that hooks the men; and the man's amused, and feels important (*translate interesting*), and as if they was men, and when they are men they flatters themselves they look extra manly and genteel with a lady on their arm, and enjoys a cheap importance without the anxiety of a family." "Cheap importance," "Fashion," "Vanity"; these be thy gods, O Israel! So much for Pocket-Men and their temporary owners.

I could grumble on as to the few women of my acquaintance who are "slowgoers," and who keep no Pocket-Men, but who are so absorbed in politics and societies, and who are so generally on the fuss that there is no enjoyment to be had from them either. I ought to own I have had the good fortune to meet one or two delightful women who seem able to do their duty by husbands, children, and friends; who read something weaker than Zola, less putrid than Bourget, less maudlin than Loti, and less bilious than Schopenhauer, who do not even worship Ibsen, and are interested in me without expecting me to be interested in their dogs or children, or overmuch in themselves. But these are *rare aves*.

As to the woman who cannot have a Pocket-Man, I do not believe she exists. "Depend upon it, Maria," said a buxom widow, who volunteered that she was about to remarry for the third time—"depend upon it, it's not the looks, it's not the money, it's not the manners as does it; it's the come 'tther in my hey." And, depend upon it, the widow was right. I cannot vouch for the truth of the anecdote, having heard it repeated as an overheard conversation in omnibus-travelling; but for the truth of the widow's philosophy I will answer. It is the come hither in the one eye which, *rummaging* (to borrow from the author of the *Tragic Muse*) in another self-seeking eye (both parties being out of work), attracts and engages the Pocket-Man.

#### THE NEW GALLERY.

IT cannot be said that the fifth summer exhibition at the New Gallery is other than a disappointing one. The relation of good pictures to mediocre ones has never before been so small; there have never before been so few elements in the show which could enliven hope or stimulate curiosity. It is a very singular, and somewhat disheartening, fact that we are told year after year of enormous preparations for the summer exhibitions, of complaints that the granaries of London will not contain the artistic harvest, and yet art comes upon us at last with a few ears of corn amid a wilderness of tares. The saddest feature of the show at the New Gallery this year is the evidence it gives of decay, or at least of temporary decline, in the skill of a number of popular favourites. Where this decline is co-existent with advancing age we do not think it needful to dwell upon it; but where it shows itself in the work of men who are in the prime of youth, and the subjects of universal flattery, we hold it a foolish kindness to suppress comment. We will therefore say that perhaps the most annoying circumstance connected this year with the New Gallery is that Mr. Swan, for the first time, has exhibited a bad picture.

Taking a general survey of the Gallery, we may point out that Mr. Burne Jones and his school are entirely unrepresented, an omission which removes one attractive feature from the exhibition. What is called "imaginative" art is well supported by Mr. Watts, and by the singular Belgian artist, M. Fernand Khnopff, but somewhat languidly by the other painters ambitious to excel in this class. The higher decorative painting is perhaps better represented than the former section, with really notable work by Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Poynter, and Mr. Albert Moore. Studies of single figures of eminent quality are contributed by Mr. John Collier, by Mrs. Swynnerton (who makes a stride forward this year), and Mr. Robert Macbeth. Six or seven of the portraits are of unusually high merit, in the

hands of some whom we have already mentioned, and in those of Mr. Herkomer, Mr. Shannon, and the Princess Louise. In landscape the honours of the year lie with Mr. North, Mr. Adrian Stokes, and Mr. East. If the reader will glance over this list, he will see that it contains but one name, or perhaps two, which are not universally recognized. So far as the New Gallery is concerned, indeed, 1892 does not seem likely to present us with any very startling novelties.

In some respects the most interesting picture at the New Gallery is "I lock my door upon myself" (78), by M. Fernand Khnopff. What the exact subject is is difficult to define. In a room panelled with rare coloured marbles, a girl with pale cheeks and frantic eyes, seen in full face, kneels before a slab on which black draperies are outspread. This looks like a bier, but no corpse is apparent; it is probably the preparation for her own entombment. Above her head is placed a white marble head of Morpheus, with a blue wing extended. Between the funereal slab and the spectator rise three stalks of withering orange-lilies. Extremely odd, this composition is at the same time undeniably charming. The colour is quite exquisite, and there is a distinguished novelty about the arrangement of tones which is fascinating. Caviare to the general with a vengeance, this strange production will exercise a great attraction upon some artistic natures, and in the dearth of anything novel it claims a word of welcome. Immediately below M. Khnopff's composition hangs a large and important work by Mr. Watts, "Sic Transit" (77), which also deals mysteriously with mortality. A dead personage, concealed under his shroud, holds the centre of the canvas; while by his side, and between him and the spectator, the various objects which sweetened life to him are strewn upon the floor. Here are the lute, the cup, the folio, the sword, rich draperies, and costly armour plunged in the indignity of death. The allegory is a very transparent one, and the moral common to all emblematisers from the beginning of time, but they lend themselves to Mr. Watts's cloudy and solemn colouring. On the opposite side of the West Room hangs another, and an extremely pleasing, contribution by the same veteran artist, a little rosy Love, with pinions spread for sails, afloat on the frail bark of his own quiver (24). It would be pleasant in this category to praise "The Storm Siren" (54) of Mr. J. M. Swan. This painter has so many faithful followers in the press, who flatter him upon all possible occasions, that it is probable that we shall hear exactly the same epithets applied to this work as have been applied, with perfect justice, to his earlier pictures. But it is necessary, although painful, to point out that the square lines which frame the siren's form are carelessly ugly, that the misty scumbling through which Mr. Swan usually lets us see his fine drawing is here used to conceal positive error, that the colour is hot and unpleasing. A poetical sentiment animates this picture; but the execution is grievously unworthy of its author, and at this moment, when the art of Mr. Swan is so warmly discussed, he has done his reputation a severe wrong in exhibiting so imperfect a production.

Of Mr. Alma Tadema's "Dreaming" (22) we are unable to speak, for neither on the press view nor the private view was it in its place. If all artists allowed themselves these freaks, no exhibition would ever be possible. "A Silent Greeting" (15), by the same painter, shows a Roman youth dropping a great bouquet of roses into the lap of a nymph who sleeps, with an after-dinner flush, on a marble seat. This is pretty enough, but not very important; nor is Mr. Poynter's "When the World was Young" (10) more than a very pleasing study in white and violet; this latter, however, is a sketch for a picture which we are presently to see in the Royal Academy. Mr. Poynter's "Chloe" (57) is a bold experiment in the Pompeian mode of decoration. The white-robed figure, holding a great lyre, sits, as on the sill of a window, against a background of dead unbroken black. The only touch of colour is found in the yellow fillets which flutter from the pilasters of the window. This is hardly pleasing as a gallery-picture, but would probably be effective in a room specially adapted for its reception. Mr. Jacob Hood's "Ganymede" (52) is slight, but graceful and agreeable. What the meaning may be of Mrs. Swynnerton's "Mater Triumphalis" (187) we cannot guess; it represents a naked woman, standing by the edge of the sea, with a jewelled crown at her feet. The figure, at all events, is modelled with very great



solidity and skill, and forms, indeed, the soundest piece of work of this class to be met with at the New Gallery. This large study, and the modern composition of a girl leaning on a stile, called "Mid-Summer" (47), show that Mrs. Swynnerton has greatly advanced in power as a painter. Her future contributions will be looked forward to with great interest.

Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Jean, Jeanne et Jeannette" (190), a boy, a girl, and a goat, has some exceedingly delicate passages of brush-work in it. It hangs by one of Mrs. Alma Tadema's graceful Dutch interiors, "The Wool-Winders" (191). In the place of honour in the West Room is hung a somewhat elaborate example of Mr. Albert Moore, called "A Reverie" (104), a girl with a fan, seated in a throne, a blue wrapper round her head, but all the other hues combinations of green, grey, and orange. This decorative study has dignity and charm. In Mr. Macbeth's "Alsatian Flower Stall" (166) all is beautiful, except the face of the vendor. Mr. Albert Goodwin and Mr. Stanhope Forbes are among those whose works we commonly delight in, and on this occasion prefer to pass over in silence. We must leave for another occasion the landscapes and the portraits, the latter being of special interest and importance.

#### THE THEATRE IN POLAND.

IT is not in the morbid psychology of the modern theatre, or in the feverish bustle of our times, that one could find a parallel or a key to the activity referred to in a former article. Boguslawski was neither the director of a subsidized house forcing on the public his official *dilettantism* in literature and art; nor was he the great writer who tries to realize an ideal or a doctrine with all literary and artistic means at his disposal; least of all was he the enterprising tradesman who smells thousands in a venture. Boguslawski was a Pole before all, and wherever there was anything to be done for the national theatre he was sure to be on the spot. Fighting here against monopoly, there against French, German, and Italian companies, he triumphs over one, comes to a compromise with the others; now prosperous, now in distress, now struggling with jealousy and intrigue, he emerges out of adversity and struggles with his dignity intact; giving a patriotic performance in one place, erecting a temporary theatre in another, he finds time to write, to translate, to instruct his artists—and alone accomplishes in thirty-six years the work of centuries and generations. As an actor, considered by the French a disciple of Talma, compared by the Germans to Iffland, he walks in the footsteps of the great masters; but foreseeing the French school and shunning the inflated bathos of the German, he is nearer nature than either. As a stage-manager, he propounds in his theory of dramatic art and *mise en scène* principles which make him in 1812 the precursor of the famous Chronégk of the Meiningen; as director, he prepares wisely future generations of artists; as organizer he constitutes his artists into a society on principles put into practice a short time afterwards by Napoleon's *Décret de Moscou sur la Comédie Française*; finally, as a practical man, he understands how to make the most of his public, of that historical spectator who after a performance of Saurin's *Beaverley* offered to pay the hero's debts rather than to see a good man go to the dogs. The work of Niemcewicz plays in the history of the Polish theatre more or less the part of *Les Noces de Figaro*. An outcome of criticism, it enters more than Zablocki's *Sarmatism* into the study of social evils, and giving merriment to some, provokes the wrath of others; whilst Boguslawski's piece, the result of heartfelt and desired hope, revives all enthusiasms. *The Return of the Deputy* carries the mind back to the stormy scenes of the *Four Years' Diet*; *The Cracovians* and *The Mountaineers* evokes the memories of the heroic impulse of the nation in 1794. After the defeat of Kosciuszko, the Supreme National Council, in solemn assembly, recommending "the sentiments of patriotism," votes a subsidy to Boguslawski, and the title of "good citizen" to be engraved later on his tomb (1829); and this was but justice, for Boguslawski deserved well of his country.

After Boguslawski's withdrawal the theatre had to follow simply a route already traced, and, thanks to the liberal rule in Poland after the Treaty of Vienna, the Polish theatre, under the direction of Louis Osinski and Dmushewski,

was able to keep its national character. But with the change of rule that character is gradually altered, and from 1830 disappears little by little. The theatre becomes a Government institution, is placed in a grandiose building by Carazzi (terminated in 1833, and quite recently entirely rebuilt according to every modern device and improvement), and there is every outward sign of prosperity in the business of an excellent company, patronized by a well-disposed public. But the soul and the spirit of the institution are no more there. The revolution of November is the beginning of that reaction, for the expression of which there is no room in the theatre of an oppressed people; and the Polish theatre becomes accordingly, for a time, the least literary manifestation of a period which sees the national poetry rising to heights peopled with universal masterpieces.

One can imagine with what delight M. Scribe was hailed in the official theatrical sphere. Here was a man who did not make anybody think or feel, whose laughter does not set any satirical velleities in motion, whose tears have not the remotest connexion with the *Weltschmerz*! What excellent food for a society condemned to superficial life! The melodramas, the vaudevilles, the comedies of Scribe were the fashion everywhere, but most of all in Poland, and perhaps not without reason. The facility with which the complications of an intrigue are disposed of at one's heart's desire, the peal of laughter saving a situation apparently without issue, the persecuted innocence and the punishment of the persecutor—all this optimistic theatrical jobbery was probably a solace to a people struggling incessantly with adversity and dominated by a sense of a grave historical iniquity of which they were the victims. And then, what opportunities in existing circumstances for the actors! M. Scribe's world of noble heroes, immaculate angels, and infernally black villains, represented at a time when the written thought was at the mercy of unheard-of rigours, gained in intensity by the power of the thought spoken out. An intelligent diction, a clever inflection of the voice, a pause, however passing, would convey not only what was meant, but all that might have been meant. Tradition, study, and circumstances made of Polish actors of that time real dramatic entities. Besides those already named we have Piasecki (*grand jeune premier*), a dramatic lover full of fire; Werowski, an incomparable tragedian; Zdunowicz, a first-rate low comedian; Leontine Halpert, a worthy heiress of the great Ledóchowska, who as Lady Macbeth was pronounced superior to Mrs. Siddons by Englishmen who came expressly for the purpose of seeing her, and the pretty Dazskiewicz, an *ingénue*. Darison belonged also to the company; but the frame was too small for his cosmopolitan genius, and Germany and the United States proved a better field for his triumphs.

As everywhere, as always, an opposition was started by a group of "independent young men." After a series of successful performances in one of the small halls of the "Charitable Society," and some petty quarrels, both troupes amalgamated (1836), with excellent results. Amongst the newcomers were Panczykowski, a comedian of remarkable verve, and Jasinski, who soon abandoned a successful career for the Directorial chair. Actor to the tips of his fingers, self-taught *littérateur*, caring for plays only from the point of view of effect, Jasinski will remain as the type of an ingenious stage-manager rather than an artistic director. But how can one quarrel with a man who in both theatres (the Grand Theatre and the Theatre of Varieties, both in the same building) performs with incessant zeal every opera, comedy, ballet, and melodrama! How can one blame the quality of the repertory when the interpreters are the poetical Komorowski, the inimitable Zolkowski, Królikowski the future creator of heroes of Shakspeare, Schiller, and Goethe, Rychter who will revive the extinct Polish type! And who cared then for legitimate drama or real tragedy? The public had enough of it in everyday life.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

IT is announced, though we believe not correctly, that the delegates of the foreign bondholders of Portugal have come to an agreement with the delegate of the Portuguese Government who met them in Paris in respect to the settlement of the Portuguese debt. It will

be in the recollection of our readers that the Portuguese Government announced some little time ago that it would be able to pay for several years to come no more than half the interest upon its foreign debt, and it laid two alternative proposals before the bondholders. One was to make a fresh loan of four millions sterling, which would enable the Government to pay off the floating debt, and to continue paying at least a portion of the reduced interest upon the funded debt from the present time forward; the second was to suspend the payment of the interest in cash altogether for two years, to waive the loan, and only to begin paying the interest in cash at the end of the two years. Delegates were appointed by the bondholders to meet a representative of the Government, and negotiations have been going on for some time. Apparently the bondholders' delegates rejected the proposal to suspend cash payments for two years, and they agreed to the fresh loan on condition that they were given control over the collection of the moneys which were to be applied to the payment of the interest. This the Portuguese Government refused, and it looked last week as if the negotiations would come to nothing. The delegates, however, were unwilling to break off altogether, and it is now said that they have agreed to make the loan of 4 millions, and to waive their demand for a Bondholders' International Commission; we believe matters have not got so far. The new loan, if accepted, is to be made a first charge upon the Customs, and the Customs revenue is pledged to the service of this loan, interest and sinking fund, and also to the payment of the interest on the old debt, the Government binding itself to remit weekly or monthly, as may be decided, the sums collected to any bank selected by the bondholders. For some time half the reduced interest is to be paid in paper, but the paper so issued is to be redeemed by means of a sinking fund not later than 1926, or in thirty-four years. The proposal seems to us objectionable from every point of view. The Portuguese Government is bankrupt, and is in a position to pay only half the interest it has contracted to pay. It would be, therefore, altogether unwise and imprudent to make it a fresh loan. Of course part of the money would pay off the floating debt; but surely the bondholders have no interest in paying off the floating debt and so encouraging bankers to make further advances to the Government by-and-bye. The remainder of the money, or a large part of it at all events, would be employed in paying the interest on the funded debt for the next two years; in other words, the bondholders would themselves find the money for paying the interest due to them during the next two years. It seems to us that it would be better to fund the interest for those two years. Furthermore, we fail to see what security the bondholders are offered for the due performance of this new arrangement, or for preventing fresh borrowing when the credit of Portugal gets a little better. It is, of course, quite true that the bondholders cannot expect to coerce an independent Government, and that it would be unwise from every point of view to show themselves too hard. But, on the other hand, they have a right to expect that when they consent to cut down by one-half the interest due to them, the Portuguese Government should meet them in a conciliatory spirit, and give a real guarantee that it will not by-and-bye pledge the revenue relinquished by the bondholders to new lenders.

The Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday reduced their rate of discount from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to 2 per cent. As there was a demand for gold in the open market for France, and as there is an expectation that an Austro-Hungarian gold loan will soon be brought out, the City generally did not expect the reduction. But the Directors probably have good reasons for believing that the French demand will not amount to much, and that the Austro-Hungarian Government will judge it prudent to postpone the issue of the expected gold loan.

The price of silver has fluctuated again this week between 39d. and 40d. per oz., and will probably continue so to fluctuate for some time, unless speculators in the United States should be encouraged to operate largely again by the negotiations for the holding of an International Conference, and by the declaration of President Harrison that the Government will do all it can to extend the use of silver. It would be unfortunate if speculation were again encouraged, for it is now clearly proved that the market cannot be permanently bolstered up by artificial arrangements.

At the fortnightly settlement, which began on Monday morning, bankers lent at an average of about 2 per cent., and many brokers paid off loans previously running, while within the Stock Exchange the carrying-over rates were exceedingly light, and in several cases stock was found to be scarce. From all this it is clear that during the past two or three weeks the account open for the rise has been greatly reduced, and that there has been a very considerable amount of speculative selling; especially, there has been a good deal of speculative selling of Home Railway stocks. We are of opinion that the members of the Stock Exchange and the professional operators are wrong in the view that there must be a heavy fall in Home Railway stocks. Those stocks are now held almost entirely by investors, and investors will not sell, for if they did they would not know what to do with their money. The speculator is swayed only by immediate influences. He goes for quick profits; the investor, on the contrary, desires a secure and fairly steady income, and he takes into consideration the permanent, not the temporary, influences. The true investor thinks little, therefore, of the fluctuations in the rate of dividend between one year and another; what he desires to know is the average return upon his money for a series of years—say, five or ten. If that is satisfactory he is content. Therefore, we do not believe that investors will sell; and if they will not, there cannot be a serious fall in Home Railway stocks. Of course, trade is bad, and we fear will continue bad for a couple of years. The railway earnings will consequently fall off, and with them the rates of dividend. But after a while trade will improve again, traffics will increase, and so will dividends. We should advise the investor, therefore, to pay no heed to mere market talk, and not to throw away his property rashly. Regarding new investments, we do not know any department so safe as the Home Railway. Inter-Bourse securities are too high, South American are too uncertain, and North American vary too rapidly. The depression in trade will tell less upon what are called passenger lines than upon the goods lines. The residential passenger traffic will go on in bad times just as in good times; and, though there may be some diminution of pleasure traffic, it will not be great. There is consequently not likely to be much falling off in the dividends of the passenger lines. Amongst the heavy lines, as they are called, those will suffer most which are dependent upon one or two great industries, such as coal and iron; while those will suffer least which serve extensive districts with varied industries. While, then, we hold that there will not be a serious fall in the Home Railway market, speaking generally, some stocks will be steadier than others, and the investor should carefully inquire into the management and the prospects of the particular security he thinks of buying.

The bimetallicists are making strong efforts just now to induce the Government to assist in bolstering up the price of silver, and they are supported by the Indian Government. The monometallicists, on the other hand, are not moving, because they do not believe that anything practical will be done. They look upon the whole movement, in short, as a delusion. But there would be an uprising of the whole capitalist class, headed by the bankers, if there appeared any real danger of introducing changes into our monetary system, for that might affect every contract in existence.

Consols and Colonial stocks have all advanced during the week, Consols closing on Thursday evening at  $96\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of  $\frac{1}{8}$ ; Indian Sterling Three per Cents closing also at  $96\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of  $\frac{3}{8}$ ; New South Wales Three and a Half per Cents closing at  $95\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of  $\frac{1}{4}$ , and New Zealand Three and a Half closing at  $94\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of  $\frac{3}{4}$ . On the other hand, there has been a decided fall in Home Railway stocks, the heaviest decline being in Midland, which closed on Thursday afternoon at  $156\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as  $2\frac{1}{2}$ . Great Eastern closed at  $87\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of 1; North-Eastern closed at  $153\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of  $\frac{3}{4}$ , and Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at  $107\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall of  $\frac{1}{2}$ . In the American department there has been a very general downward movement. Atchison shares closed on Thursday at  $35\frac{1}{2}$ , a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of  $2\frac{3}{4}$ ; Union Pacific closed at  $44\frac{3}{4}$ , a fall of as much as 3; and Erie closed at  $30\frac{3}{4}$ , a fall of  $\frac{3}{4}$ . These are all non-dividend paying shares, and



entirely unsuited to the investor. The fall in Atchisons is attributed partly to a speculative attack in New York, and partly to the fact that the borrowing powers of the Company are exhausted, and that all capital outlays in future will have to be out of revenue. The Union Pacific fall is due to the struggle for the control of the Company. Milwaukee shares closed on Thursday afternoon at 79½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1¼. This stock is likewise non-dividend-paying for the present, but an early resumption of dividend payments is expected. It is, however, not yet suited to the investor proper. Coming now to the dividend-paying shares, which are largely held for investment, New York Central closed on Thursday at 116½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Lake Shore closed at 136½, a fall of as much as 2, and Illinois Central closed at 105, a fall of 2½. Argentine railway stocks, notwithstanding the continued decline in the gold premium, have all given way this week. Buenos Ayres and Pacific Seven per Cent. Preference stock closed at 28-31, a fall of 1; Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 63-5, a fall of 2; Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 63-5, a fall of 3; and Central Argentine closed at 58-60, also a fall of 3. But the Government Bonds advanced. The Five per Cents of 1886 closed at 67½, a rise of ¾, and the Funding Loan closed at 58½, also a rise of ¾. Brazilian Four and a Half per Cents closed at 58, a fall of ½; Greek 1884 Bonds closed at 64½, a fall of ½; and the Monopoly Loan closed at 55½, a fall of 1. In most inter-Bourse securities, however, there has been a recovery. Portuguese closed at 27, a rise of ¾; Spanish closed at 59½, a rise of 1½; and Russian closed at 93½, a rise of ¾.

#### FANTÔME D'OCCIDENT.

THE pallid sun was setting, wan and flickering as a wasted moon, on the sepulchral waters of the Seine. A weak wind, weary with its quest for the Infinite, and faint, as it were, with prenatal memories, was walking the Quais; the dead red leaves of the autumnal limes whispered as they fled before its breath—whispered, too, the fluttered leaves of old romances shaken on the stalls. All was decadent, all melancholy; all had that inscrutable fragrance as of the close of an epoch. Women, fair, and strange, and exotic, were gathering on the Quais near the Institute. They, like the wailing wind, seemed to seek for something remembered, something lost; they, like the wind, were wailing. *Loti, Loti*, came soft and melodious from their alien lips; with this one sound for watchword and for guide, they had roamed from the far-off shores and the havens of lands unvisited. One, and of the fairest, a slim brown shape, clad in little but the purple flowers and glossy leaves of the *pandanus*, had flitted hither from the fairy harbours of Tahiti.

"Pierre, where art thou?" she murmured in the soft accents of Polynesia. "Where art thou, Pierre? Many a year has flown since we loitered by the waterfalls, beneath the filmy spray, below the filmy fern-trees. When thou didst depart, 'Dry,' thou saidst to me, 'these pearly fugitives! Round is a tear, my island nymph, and round are all the worlds! What are they but tears that roll down the cheek of the Infinite, reflecting for a moment or a cycle a thousand rainbow hues—so fall thy tears, so fall the spheres, throughout all time, all space, innumerable and unremembered!' Sweet words and sad, my *Loti*! And thou, where art thou, *Loti*? Ah, Spectre of the West, whither have the winds wafted thee, far from our eyes and ears? Something whispers to me, through the fragrant and purple lapses of the tropic twilight, that I shall only find thy grave. There would I kneel: there weep, and then, methinks, my grief might be assuaged, and my dreams might no more be haunted by thy shape."

"Tell me, shepherds," the fair Tahitian exclaimed to the perplexed gens d'armes, "have ye seen my *Loti* anywhere? His raiment is like my own, and like Mr. Louis Stevenson's in *Black and White*; like me, he is crowned with *pandanus* flowers, and robed in the fragrant leaves of the *pandanus*. Or know ye of his sepulchre in the haunted woodlands of Broceliande?"

There came no answer from the throng, no murmur of response, and the fair Tahitian was soon absorbed in *Le Mariage de Loti*.

"*Loti! Loti!*" exclaimed a lovely moon-faced Circassian; her face veiled like the moon's by a cloud, in the yashmak prescribed by the custom of Islam. "O wan waters of the Seine, flowing beneath the ghostlike poplar trees! why are ye not the dancing waves of the Golden Horn? Ah, penny steamer, why art thou not the light cacique that bore the burden of our loves? How empty is Paris; and my heart, too, is empty, and empty is my soul. In dreams of the night I have met him, and heard his voice that called on me from far, from far away. On what ocean doth he wander, what women doth he woo? or shall I find but the grass of the grave and the funereal fragrance of the violet? Tell me, shepherds, have ye seen my *Loti* anywhere? He is clad in the raiment of the Osmanli, in the turban and the caftan; he is girt with the scimitar of the Faithful. Sir, hast thou seen him?" and the beautiful Azyadé turned appealingly to a pale, swart stranger, with dark and melancholy eyes.

'Twas M. Zola, but he was engaged on a novel about Parisian omnibus men, and was rapidly taking notes in a little book,

"—, —, —, —, —, —, —, —, —, —, —," said M. Zola, in the naturalistic language of the strange race among whom he was prosecuting his disinterested researches; and the fair Circassian mutely gazed at the crepuscular and star-embroidered heavens. Then, crowned with peach-blossoms, came Mme. Chrysanthème, the almond-eyed Musmi of remote Japan.

"Thy silver rang true to the hammer, O my *Loti*! and true rang my heart, though thou knew'st it not. Where, O mariner, is thy tomb? for that thou canst live apart from me I believe not. Ah cold grey sky of the North, ah temples that know not Shinto, ah gardens that are not perfumed with tea, where hide ye my adored one? O houses that are not builded of paper, how stern ye look, and how perdurable, but not so enduring as my love! Tell me, sir, in what land his dust reposes, what willows wave above his tomb?" and Mme. Chrysanthème turned to M. Georges Ohnet; but he was making a study of fashionable life, and was purchasing a cheap second-hand set of "Gyp's" treatises from a *bouquiniste* on the Quai; and, moreover, he knew not the melodious language of Yokohama. So he, too, was silent.

None answered, none replied to the wanderers, none spoke in any one of their many dialects—Lapp and Finnish, Icelandic, Samoan, Fijian—all was silence; only the long wash of the wave of Seine chimed in with their complaints. And is it not so with life—a vague space haunted by half-remembered voices, peopled by half-forgotten shapes, moved by phantom memories of what was once, or of what we dreamed to have been, in who knows what lost and wandering star? Canst thou tell me the secret that is whispered by the autumn leaves as they rustle on the grass, or the meaning of the message of the moonlight? There are odours, fragrances, that win a subtle way to the inmost chambers of the brain and the withdrawing-place of the spirit. The scent of Ylangylang, the perfume of myrtle, the breath of the rose and of the chrysanthemum, and the blue-green carnation, how are they wedded with our lives, why do they waken the past? The past is dead, yet it lives; we live, are we dead? "Who knows if death be life or life be death?" Who knows but my brain is stirred by some old, old chorus-ending of Euripides? Dreams that I see and hear, living folk that I see not and hear not! Sentiment! And what is all we know or do but sentiment?

So the spectator mused, the sad child of brumous Albion, as he watched that spectral throng of the women of the world, and hearkened to their lament.

Then came a voice, a woman's voice, in the liquid accents of Tahiti:—

"My sisters, it is one phantom that we seek, one tomb that we would crown with the buds and blossoms of all our hundred alien climes! One is our fortune, one is our regret! My sisters, let us swear eternal friendship!"

Then, as in some legend old and vague, some half-remembered poem of the past, they all swore eternal friendship.

Then a new voice said, "Found! Found!"

"He is in the tomb!" they cried.

"Nay, he is of the Academy!"

"He is dead!" they wailed.

"Nay, he is of the Immortals!"

Then the vision faded, and on the stream the wailing died away, and lo! a gleam of golden palm-branches and the gold moon gilding the eupola of the Institute! For life is fugitive, and love is fleeting, but literature is unaging and unfading is the laurel!

Ah reveries of Senancour, ah regrets of Chateaubriand, ah wailing wind in the echoing halls of Selma, surely ye dream, and ye lament, and ye wail, and ye echo as of yore! Nay, it is but one voice in many ages murmuring, and Minnervus is one with Loti, and Macpherson does not wholly die.

#### THE THEATRES.

EXCEPT for one comparatively brief period, when the policy of the managers of the Adelphi Theatre was haphazard, melodrama has been the staple entertainment at that house for a great many years past. The same story has been retold in slightly varied fashion for so long that there seemed no reason why makers of plays should not go on telling it till all dramatic conditions are altered; but it has occurred to the directors of the house that a change might be made at last, and so Messrs. G. R. Sims and Robert Buchanan have written what they call a "new romantic drama," founded, with a difference, on *Woodstock*. Their drama is not very new, as the word is understood out of a theatre programme, and in the current acceptation of the term we did not find it romantic, though strict deference to the dictionary may enable the authors to support their description. King Charles never appears to be in imminent peril, and so we cannot feel any great anxiety on his behalf. Moreover, as here represented, his Majesty—he is set forth on the bills as "Charles Stuart, afterwards Charles II."; but we will not revive the old *de jure* and *de facto* question, and ask to be told at what date Messrs. Sims and Buchanan suppose that Charles became king—does not succeed in awakening any deep interest. Cromwell we found a feeble and monotonous personage, singularly inapt at making up his mind and very prone to alter it afterwards. His daughter Elizabeth is his counsellor on affairs of state, and his anxiety to bring about a marriage between her and Colonel Markham Everard is shown in a manner not in the least suggestive of the Protector. The comic scenes are at once extravagant and depressing; in every play of this new and romantic sort there is a Puritan who falls in love with a rustic maiden as merry as the author and actress can make her, which in this case is only moderately so. The dialogue is neither open to blame nor praise; it serves, Mr. Leonard Boyne plays Everard with abundant spirit, and there is grace and refinement in the Elizabeth of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Mr. Beveridge gives dignity to his performance of Sir Harry Lee, and it is not, perhaps, altogether the fault of Mr. Cartwright, the Cromwell, that he becomes tedious more than once, but more particularly in the last act, when he cannot make up his vacillating mind, till as usual Elizabeth decides the question, whether he will have Everard shot or pardoned and commended for the admirable course of action which has led to his condemnation to death.

As a very general rule, no form of literary mistake is so depressing or exasperating as a parody of Shakspeare. The one exception we can call to mind is the travesty of certain scenes in *Hamlet* which Mr. W. S. Gilbert wrote long ago under the title of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*; and this has been presented at the Court Theatre. The result is disappointing. Admirably humorous as it is in the reading, the humour does not seem to bear transference to the stage. Some of the lines are, indeed, irresistibly quaint and mirth-provoking, and the mixing up the modern and antique, investing Polonius with the functions of a play-licensing Lord Chamberlain, and so forth, has its comic side. Ophelia's reply to the question what Hamlet is like suggests a quaint idea to Mr. Gilbert's ready wit. Hamlet varies. "Sometimes he's short, sometimes he's very tall," she answers, and she goes on to describe an agglomeration of Hamlets as one person. Another very funny notion is that of making Rosencrantz and Guildenstern treat Hamlet's reflective interrogatories when he is soliloquizing as matters which he is throwing out for general discussion. But on the stage the point of the skit seems to be blunted or lost, and it ends very feebly indeed with Hamlet reciting the mock heroics of the King's tragedy, and stopping between the lines to laugh. In

truth, there is very little here to laugh at, and we envy the Queen and courtiers their readiness to be amused. Mr. Weedon Grossmith should have been quaint as Hamlet, but he was not so in the least. *The New Sub*—another item of what is now called the "triple bill"—is only a species of indication of a play. It is little more than a *scenario*, with a sketch of what the dialogue is to be; but we found promise in Mr. Seymour Hicks's little piece. In forty-nine cases out of fifty a play wants curtailment; but this is an exception, and needs to be considerably expanded. The scene, laid in an officer's hut at Shorncliffe, is new ground, and the *camaraderie* of the soldiers is pleasantly hinted at. The new sub is rushed into his mock duel, however, and the Major into a renewal of his old love affair, with preposterous haste. This is the greater pity because Mr. Brandon Thomas and his associates would ably realize these characters if the faint outlines were filled in. The admirably diverting *Pantomime Rehearsal* is still on the bill, and runs its course with undiminished merriment.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree was very successful in a *tour de force* last Saturday. In the afternoon he played Hamlet, and in the evening presented a strongly-individualized picture of Sir Woodbine Grafton, in the adaptation of *Nos Intimes*, known as *Peril*.

#### THE WEATHER.

THE week that is past has brought us a certain amount of rain, but as yet not nearly enough to satisfy the farmers. Temperature, too, has been more seasonable, and from Thursday to Sunday was fairly high in the daytime in the south-east of England, nor did it fall low at night. The anticyclone we noticed last week as having passed down southwards over France returned northwards again towards the south of Ireland by Sunday, and our winds accordingly remained westerly. As on Saturday the barometer over southern Norway began to fall, gradients for northerly winds were developed, and these winds established themselves by Monday morning. It was during the interval of westerly winds that the high temperatures already noticed were recorded. On Friday (April 22) the thermometer touched 70° at Cambridge and 68° in London; while Saturday's readings were not much lower. At York and Loughborough also the thermometer rose high. The night minima also got up to 50° in some places. On Tuesday, however, a change came on. That morning the winds were north-westerly, with hail showers and slight local thunderstorms. The conditions of pressure were that a depression lay with its centre near Copenhagen, while the area of high pressure was situated over the Bay of Biscay. Over the North Channel and the Hebrides the isobars opened out in a fan-shape, and at this point a serious depression broke in on us at night from the Atlantic. It brought on a heavy snow-fall over the mountainous districts in the north, and much loss of lambs is reported. During Wednesday the system has advanced southwards, with a good deal of rain, interspersed with hail, and of course with thunder, as always happens when hail is formed. The heaviest fall was 0.6 inch at York. No very serious wind, fortunately, has yet been reported. The latest reports, of Wednesday evening, indicate further disturbance coming on from the westward. The experiences of the past month go far to justify the remark of an aggrieved colonist, "What wretched changeable weather you have got!" The district most highly favoured with sunshine last week was the east of Scotland. Aberdeen headed the lists with 67 per cent. of possible duration, then followed Marchmont, near Dunse, with 61, and Edinburgh with 56 per cent.

#### ARMY HORSES.

FROM time to time attention is drawn now by this circumstance now by that to our system of finding re-mounts for our army. Some year ago the mounted infantry could boast that their care had put an average of 5*l.* on the value of each animal which had been entrusted to them, and at least as good results may be looked for now by all accounts. It is satisfactory to think that our mounted infantry, at any rate, can get plenty of chargers, and at the same time put money into the pockets of the Government. One of the most difficult problems, however, we



should have to face in the event of our ever again becoming involved in hostilities on the Continent would arise with regard to the question how the horses for the expedition were to be provided. It is now a well-known fact that during the Egyptian campaign of 1882 the greater part of the batteries remaining at home were absolutely unable to drag their guns to the drill-grounds, and that the remounts hurriedly purchased to replace the animals which had gone abroad were in many cases but little fitted for the purpose for which they were intended. The registration system which has been introduced since then has placed us in a far better position, so far at least as reliance can be placed on returns, and arrangements which have as yet not been tested by an actual emergency, yet even now anxiety on the subject can hardly be considered set at rest. The possibility of our having to send two army corps abroad is clearly contemplated in the schemes and estimates which have been drawn up with reference to expeditions which might leave our shores. Now, each army corps would consist of 1 regiment of cavalry, 25 battalions of infantry, and 14 batteries, two of which would be horse artillery. There would also probably be with such a force a division of cavalry, which would be made up of from 6 to 8 regiments with two horse artillery batteries, and one battalion of mounted infantry. In addition to these troops in what may be called the fighting line, there would have to be a force, more or less strong according to circumstances, whose duty it would be to guard the line of communications. In short, the total strength of such an expedition may be estimated at about 87,000 men and 102 guns.

The Army and Militia Reserve may be, perhaps, trusted to furnish enough men to bring the battalions, regiments, and batteries up to the required strength; but the question of horses is not so easily disposed of. Our cavalry regiments at home are woefully underhoused, as has not unfrequently of late been pointed out; while even our batteries in the 1st army corps are below their war strength as regards horses by nearly one-half. The force we have named above would require in all 1,597 public riding, 7,624 draught, and 100 pack-horses for each army corps, and the cavalry division would need 6,802 public riding, draught, and pack-horses. So that altogether such a field army would absorb 25,444 public horses and pack animals. The total number of horses on the British establishment is, according to the general annual return of the army, at present 14,006. There is, therefore, a deficiency of no less than 11,438 horses to be made good ere our force of two army corps could take the field; and this, too, when all the guns and waggons which were left in the United Kingdom were denuded of their teams, and every trooper at home was left without a mount. And this is taking a most favourable view of the case, because it is certain that many horses now in the ranks would be deemed unfit to go on service. In the campaign of 1882, for instance, no horses were allowed to go abroad which were more than fourteen years of age, and many, also, which were under suspicion as to their soundness were likewise left behind. It is said that the registration system now in force is fully equal to making good even the large deficiency we have referred to, and so very likely it may be as far as mere numbers are concerned. Doubtless the required quota of animals will be forthcoming, yet many will hesitate to feel confidence in the efficiency for artillery and cavalry requirements of such untrained material. For it must not be forgotten that the mounted infantry man merely uses his beast as a shooting pony or means of locomotion, and the animal does not need to be broken to the ranks, as the chargers of our dragoons and gunners ought to be. The experiences of a German Cavalry Officer during the campaign of 1870, which were published not long ago, furnish us with much interesting information on this subject, and show, amongst other things, how little the services of horses picked up by requisition or capture could be depended upon. Another matter for serious reflection is supplied us in the statement of the heavy losses the squadron referred to suffered by horses dying from fatigue and exposure, even during the early part of the war, ere the winter set in, and must "give us pause" when we come to ask ourselves how we should provide for a similar drain. What will bring the matter practically home to us is the fact that, although the German cavalry did excellent service during these early months, they enjoyed several advantages which would not invariably fall to the lot of the arm. Contrary to the manner in which they had been handled in 1866, they were pushed on far ahead of the re-

mainder of the army, and thus entered a particularly rich country before anyone else. Ere they made their appearance, too, the harvest had been to a large extent gathered in, and the squadron commanders had not the slightest difficulty in buying any amount of forage for their chargers. Even though work be hard, if a horse gets plenty of corn he will keep his condition and remain fit and well, and thus the German cavalry, though they asked much from their cattle, found them equal to the call. In addition to these advantages, it must be remembered that the French cavalry were kept in the background behind the infantry columns of march, and that the invading horsemen were but little harassed or interfered with by them. The writer of the reminiscences we refer to attributes much of the success achieved by his arm to the fact that, on the squadrons being mobilized for active service, it was only necessary to send them a very few extra horses (only 7 joined his own) to fill their ranks. He also warmly eulogizes the troop-horses which were then on the muster-roll, a good old-fashioned sort, mostly bred in the stud-farms of Prussia proper, and draws attention to their excellent conformation, their muscular loins, short legs, and powerful hindquarters. Sometimes, it is true, they might have been found lacking in more showy qualifications. Their heads were not always well set on, and their forehands not all that might have been wished; in short, they had not all the quality most of their successors possess, yet were perhaps more equal to the hardships of active service than animals of more taking appearance. The records of this particular squadron, which had drawn its remounts almost entirely from Prussia, show that in 1870, up to the end of October, it had sustained a loss, exclusive of animals killed in action, of 52 horses, or about one-third of its total strength. The six oldest horses of the squadron, veterans which had been purchased in the years 1854, 1855, and 1857, and were 21, 20, and 16 years of age respectively, did not lose one of their number, and a detailed table of losses shows that the 40 horses which were not bred in Prussia lost 28, while of the remaining 110, all of which had been obtained from that part of the Empire, only 24 succumbed. Such figures clearly show how a little extra money invested in obtaining a good class of animal is by no means thrown away, and that true economy is not evidenced so much by the price paid as by the performances of the purchase. Constitution and soundness are more valuable in a troop-horse than speed and appearance, and short rations and drudgery are to be legislated for rather than precision of movement. For one day's fighting there are twenty days of marching. "Victory lies in the legs," especially where four are concerned, and a daily or even hourly routine of outpost and patrol duty makes heavy calls on the endurance of horses as well as of men.

With such figures and such considerations before us we may well ask whether anything like all the animals we rely on to fill our squadrons will be equal to the occasion, and whether even the hunters we hear of on the register will make satisfactory mounts for our dragoons. Even admitting that they might be broken to the ranks soon enough to be useful, how will they fare on the picket lines, and will the sudden change from warm stables and full mangers not make itself injuriously felt? That odd horses hastily called on to fill up gaps are not much to be relied on is evidenced by the experience gained with horses taken from the enemy in 1870. The squadron we are referring to captured during that campaign several horses from the French cavalry, and endeavoured to utilize them to replace its own casualties. One of them, which had belonged to a squadron leader of the Lancers of the Guard, was turned to good account as a mount for a standard-bearer; but it was found that the others had been so little trained to cross rough ground, that the moment the squadron left the high road they were unable to keep their places, and if a ditch had to be crossed, the Frenchmen were invariably left rolling in the bottom. Some stallions, which had belonged to the Chasseurs d'Afrique, were so troublesome in camp that their captors at length were glad to drive them out of it one night, and so get rid of them altogether. Horses purchased in the enemy's country by requisition during the war of 1866 were found to be too small for anything except pack-horses—for the Germans do not believe in mounted infantry—and were hardly equal even to that kind of work. During the campaign of 1870 the experiences in this direction are particularly interesting to us, as one of the horses requisitioned for the squadrons was an English hunter which had somehow found its way to France, and was seized upon as a

noble prize. It had, however, been clipped; the weather at the time (December) it was put into the ranks was most severe, and the sudden change of diet did the rest. It soon had to be left behind, and never did any work for its new owners. Requisitioned and captured horses are also to be regarded with much suspicion, owing to the risk of their bringing infection with them. And the Germans, during both the campaigns of 1866 and 1870, were able to trace a serious outbreak of glanders to a requisitioned animal, whose addition, so far from strengthening them, brought about the loss of many valuable animals.

The relation of what an individual actually experienced himself during a campaign is frequently of greater interest than the complete history of all that was accomplished. There is no room in such large works for many of the small details that affect the regimental officer, and which appeal more directly to him than questions of strategy or the doings of an army corps. And so these Reminiscences of a Squadron bring home to us most effectively some of the difficulties which are overlooked and forgotten in large general schemes, but which, nevertheless, will inevitably assert themselves when they are put to practical application. Just now they appeal to us particularly, and suggest comparisons which are opportune, and will be favourable to us, we hope.

#### LA GUILLOTINE.

ONE of the most widely disseminated of popular errors is that Dr. Guillotin invented the grim machine which still bears his name. The real inventor of this sinister contrivance was Dr. Louis, a well-known medical man, and permanent secretary of the Parisian School of Medicine or Académie de Médecine. The teachings of Beccaria, endorsed as they were by Voltaire and other humanitarian writers of the eighteenth century, had at last awakened in the minds of the people a feeling of revulsion against the prevalent barbarous methods of putting criminals to death. Louis XVI. remembered with horror the indescribable torments to which the wretched Damiens had been subjected for an attempt on the life of his predecessor, and early in his own reign manifested a desire to effect a complete reformation of the prison system throughout his dominions. In 1783 he wrote a letter to his brother-in-law, Joseph II., on this subject, and on many occasions manifested a keen interest in everything connected with a more humane treatment of prisoners and condemned persons. The Queen, too, had placed herself at the head of a society of ladies who devoted some of their leisure to the visitation of prisons, and the subject of their reformation had become fashionably popular. In 1785 Dr. Louis, a well-known Professor of Pathology, modelled his apparatus on the *manaja*, a rougher sort of guillotine, which had been used in Italy for centuries. On March 7, 1792, this gentleman read a paper on his invention before a select assembly of members of Parliament, and exhibited a small model of it, made for him by M. Schmidt, the famous manufacturer of musical instruments who was so liberally patronized by Marie Antoinette, for whom he constructed several of his most elaborate spinets and harpsichords. Little did he imagine that he had exhibited the model for an instrument which, within two years, would destroy both his illustrious patroness and her husband. On March 25 a resolution was passed by the National Assembly, recommending the immediate introduction of the machine in question in all prisons throughout the country. The invention was at first called the *Louison*, after its real inventor. Dr. Guillotin, who continued his crusade against the rack, the wheel, the rope, and the stake—all of which had only recently been abolished, and several of which, notably the wheel, were still in use in the Southern provinces—constantly spoke with such enthusiasm of Dr. Louis's apparatus that the people ended by giving his name to it, and he was presently credited with having invented an instrument which he had only introduced to public attention. On April 25, 1792, the guillotine was publicly used for the first time, and beheaded a bandit named Pelissier. This was in the Place de Grève, where some twenty years previously Damiens had been tormented for days in precisely the same way as Ravallac had been for the assassination of Henri IV.

During four months after the execution the machine which was eventually to achieve such sinister celebrity was disused. In August it was transferred to the Place du

Carrousel, and a few weeks later it was alternately stationed in the Place de Grève, the centre of what is now called the Place de la Concorde, and in the Place du Trône. It was in the Place de la Concorde that Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Mme. Elisabeth, and some eight thousand other victims fell beneath the identical blade which, by a curious irony of fate, is now to be seen in the Chamber of Horrors at Mme. Tussaud's. As it is impossible now to ascertain the exact number of the victims of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, so it is impossible to give a correct estimate of the number of persons who were put to death by the guillotine in France between August 10, 1792, and the 9th "Thermidor," 1794, but it was certainly not under 40,000. Lamartine and Thiers gave the number as under 20,000; but they do not seem to have been acquainted with the evidence which has been discovered during the last few years of the facts of the "Comité du Salut Public" in the small towns and villages where roughly-constructed guillotines were erected, and performed their awful work with appalling regularity. Under the Empire and Restoration the guillotine was permanently stationed in the Place de Grève, and executed annually between thirty and forty persons. During the reign of Louis Philippe the guillotine was transferred to the Barrière St.-Jacques and under the Second Empire to the Place de la Roquette, where it remains. During the Commune the old guillotine was burnt by the people, and the present instrument is quite new. Sanson, who was the public executioner throughout the Reign of Terror, sold the original guillotine to Curtius for 1,000*l.*, and he in his turn disposed of it for a larger sum to his niece, Mme. Tussaud. Dr. Guillotin, who died in 1814, energetically but vainly protested against the use of his name in connexion with this disagreeable subject. Another evidence, if one were wanted, of the great difficulty there is of correcting a popular error. Needless to say that the legend that Dr. Guillotin was among the victims of his friend's ingenious and merciful instrument of destruction is wholly apocryphal. He died at a good old age, and in his bed, surrounded by his children, who, however, obtained permission to change their name.

#### THE "STRAIGHT TIP."

(A French Lesson for English Politicians.)

"AND now, my fellow-citizens, my task is almost done; I've urged whate'er excuses for an Anarchist there are;

I've invoked his mother's sacred name, and told you that her son

Is, gentlemen, no other than the prisoner at the bar.

I've deplored the inequalities that mark the human lot, And have said that some will bear them, but that some again will not;

And that dynamite to those who won't—when down upon their luck—

Comes every bit as natural as water to a duck.

"In fact, *Messieurs les jurés*, I've exhausted every plea

That forensic ingenuity could possibly invent;

But I ask you, when retiring on your verdict to agree,

To bestow a brief attention on my last plain argument—

Ere you doom to death my client, you should well consider this:

He has many friends in Paris who may take it much amiss;

And who may, should you provoke them, re-enact appalling scenes,

By blowing both your houses and yourselves to smithereens."

With that the famous advocate, Lagasse, resumed his seat, Having put the point before them in his clear persuasive tones;

While the audience—who obviously do not, when they meet A reasoning process, know it—the report says, uttered groans.

But the jury, better versed in dialectics, saw, of course, That the argument was not without its cogency and force; And, the longer they debated in the next ensuing hour, The more they thought of counsel's ratiocinative power.



They looked at one another, and the foreman said, "Tis true,

The learned counsel puts it in a most convincing way."

And a second said "*Parfaitement*," and a third exclaimed "*Mon Dieu!*"

And a fourth cried "*Par exemple!*" and a fifth remarked "*C'est vrai!*"

It would waste me to a shadow to retire to bed at night, As that unhappy Vêry did, in dread of dynamite. Can you endure a fate like that?" And all replied, "We can't."

The *circumstance* may well, we think, be called *attenuante*.

And so they found of Ravachol that, vile as were his ends, They were able, notwithstanding, in his conduct to descry The extenuating circumstance of having anxious friends Who would blow up any jury that should sentence him to die.

A Christian man's obedience should not, they thought, be grudged

To the Scriptural deliverance "Judge not, lest ye be judged."

And, doubtful whether vengeance else might not soon find them out,

They humanely gave the prisoner the advantage of the doubt.

Thus all is well that's ended well; the convict "goes for life,"

And now no nasty accident the jury can befall

(Unless, indeed, the Anarchists renew the murderous strife, Because *le nommé Ravachol* has been condemned at all).

But the *Maitre's* speech has left me, if the truth must be confessed,

In a state of admiration too profound to be expressed;

For I find forensic genius of the very highest class

In the masterly directness of the advocate Lagasse.

Talk of Anglo-Saxon bluntness! Why, he puts it to the blush!

We've had the same "tip" given to us, but never half so straight;

There has been a certain diffidence and beating round the bush

When the "argument from dynamite" has figured in debate.

We have never had a counsellor so candid as to say,

"Eh! what! you'll do your duty! But there's danger in the way!"

Do you mean to say you'll do it *now*? You can't be such an ass,"

Which is, in fact, the method of the advocate Lagasse.

When "the game of law and order" was described as "up," we thought

That the speaker who had used the phrase was speaking pretty plain;

But even Sir G-rge himself, we know, refrained from saying aught

To dissuade us from attempting to resume the game again. In short, one can't but notice in our statesmen over here

That they're wanting in the courage of their crude appeals to fear;

And we think the above performance won't seem easy to surpass

To our Gl-dst-ne - H-re-rt - M-rl-y - C-mpb-ll-B-nn-rm-n Lagasse.

## REVIEWS.

### MR. WHYMPER ON THE ANDES.\*

THE eagerly expected record of Mr. Whympér's expedition to Ecuador in 1879-80 cannot but afford sincere gratification in all who rejoice that skill, daring, and enterprise should reap their full reward. From the various points of view of the geographer, the Alpine climber, the zoologist, the botanist, and the meteorologist, Mr. Whympér's journey has proved exceedingly productive. Perhaps, we may add, it has proved more fruitful than the sagacious author himself anticipated at the outset. Not, however, that this impression is due to the least trace of complacency in the record, of which there is nothing in the whole of the fascinating volume that comprises the traveller's experiences.

\* *Travels amongst the Great Andes of the Equator*. By Edward Whympér. With Maps and Illustrations. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1892.

A more manly or more modest chronicle of great exploits than this we have not read. But Mr. Whympér's aspirations, we are told, had set towards other fields of enterprise than the equatorial Andes, to mountain ranges of even superior altitude, such as were, *prima facie*, of richer promise to the explorer whose chief object was the investigation of the phenomena and conditions of life at the greatest elevations of the globe. In 1874 Mr. Whympér was projecting an expedition to the Himalayas. This scheme he was compelled to abandon, just when he was ready for the start, because the Indian Government was intent upon devising the "scientific frontier," which, as the experienced adviser him, would render the Himalayan plan impracticable then. From the highest Andes of Peru and Chili he found himself debarred by the quarrel then raging between those countries. Thus the most lofty country that remained open was the Republic of Ecuador, whither accordingly he sailed, accompanied by his old guide, Jean-Antoine Carrel, and Louis Carrel, arriving at Guayaquil on the 9th of December, 1879.

On the 4th of January, 1880, the first ascent of Chimborazo was accomplished. Between Guayaquil and Guaranda, the starting point of the climbers, two interesting and important discoveries were made. The first concerns the configuration of the Pacific slopes of the Andes of Ecuador. It had been supposed that Chimborazo sloped continuously upwards from the Pacific. Mr. Richard Spruce, in his botanical Report on the country (1861), noticed on the western side of the mountain no sign of a break from summit to plain. On the road from Guayaquil to Guaranda, however, Mr. Whympér began to suspect that this was an error, and later exploration of Chimborazo confirmed his discovery of an independent range of mountains between Chimborazo and the Pacific. Subsequently he discovered that a large and deep valley separates this range, named by him—not very distinctively—the "Pacific range," from the great *massif* of which Chimborazo is the dominating point. This unsuspected range he estimates to be not less than sixty-five miles long by about eighteen miles broad, comprising heights ranging between 10,000 and 15,000 ft. The second discovery relates to the glaciers of the Andes. Humboldt, who attempted the ascent of Chimborazo in 1802, declares that he saw no glaciers in Ecuador. Boussingault, who twice essayed the same ascent, noted one glacier only—that on Tunguragua. Yet the first sight Mr. Whympér obtained of the twin domes of Chimborazo from Guaranda revealed the glacier-clothed slopes of that mountain. As he afterwards found, Chimborazo "streamed" with glaciers. Subsequently he found them also on Antisana and Cayambe, and of great extent and volume, no fewer than twelve issuing from the central reservoir of Cayambe. To a less extent they exist also on six other of the Equatorial Andes, and even on Cotopaxi Mr. Whympér records some "obscured glacier."

Firm in the faith of these records of early travellers, Mr. Whympér, naturally, was in some perplexity. If Humboldt reached 19,286 ft., and Boussingault 19,698 ft., of a mountain whose elevation Mr. Whympér found, after prolonged and careful measurement, to be 20,498 ft., how was it that neither attained to the region of glacier? Mr. Whympér supposes they must have been mistaken as to the altitudes they gained. But there are other perplexing matters in their journals. They speak of the summit of Chimborazo; whereas there are two well-defined summits. Then the rates of descent they record are surprising to a climber of Mr. Whympér's experience. Humboldt did 3,686 feet in one hour, or at the rate of 61 feet per minute. Boussingault's average rate of descent was 52 feet per minute. These rates almost beat tobogganing. As Mr. Whympér gives some of the rates of his own Andean exercises in descent, the reader may enjoy the mild surprise of the Alpine climber at those feats. "A divine rate for men encumbered with mercurial barometers and geological collections"—such is Mr. Whympér's sarcastic comment; and he, as he remarks, did not imagine he could equal it.

With a view to testing the possibility of human existence at extreme elevations under low atmospheric pressure, and also of experiencing, it might be, the effects of "mountain sickness," Mr. Whympér determined upon a prolonged stay on Chimborazo. The attack of "mal de montagne" fell upon all three climbers severely and unexpectedly at the second camp they had established, with the barometer at 16,500 inches, an elevation of 16,664 feet. None of the party had previously suffered from this acute disorder, nor did it recur during their stay in Ecuador. The attack passed away in thirty-six hours, and eventually both domes of Chimborazo were successfully gained in very bad weather. An accident to Louis Carrel, unsuspected at the time by Mr. Whympér, alone prevented an immediate second ascent from the camp. As it was, however, he contrived to live over seventeen days on the mountains, "perhaps the greatest length of

time that any one has remained continuously at such elevations." One night was spent at 14,375 feet, ten at 16,664 feet, and six at 17,285 feet—a tolerably fair proof, after the attack of mountain-sickness, that a strong and well-trained man may become "acclimatized" to living under extremely low air pressure. Mountain-sickness is notoriously capricious in operation, almost as much so as the aneroid barometer of whose eccentric behaviour Mr. Whympster gives a very striking account. He took seven of these misleading instruments with him. They never agreed with the mercurial barometer, and were ever at whimsical discord among themselves. Mr. Whympster's general conclusion is worth quoting:—

'It is idle to suppose that men will ever reach the loftiest points on the globe unless they are able to camp out at considerably greater elevations than 20,000 ft.'

After these eventful weeks on Chimborazo, Mr. Whympster journeyed northward, towards Quito, to Machachi—described as "a zoologist's paradise"—and ascended Corazon (15,871 ft.), which La Coudamine successfully attempted in 1738. But there were mightier mountains than this hail-swept peak to be conquered, many as yet unclimbed, in addition to Pichinca, near Quito, and Cotopaxi, the ascent of which inspired one of the most moving passages in the author's journals. A whole night was spent on Cotopaxi, after a stiff and laborious ascent of the western part of the steep slope of ash that forms its cone. Right into the crater Mr. Whympster gazed, into the very "pipe"—a beggarly term, surely, as if the monarch of volcanos voiced his emotions through a pitch-pipe in a concert-room or amphitheatre—measuring 2,300 ft. across. Into this vast arena Mr. Whympster peered and made studious observation:—

'At the bottom, probably twelve hundred feet below us, and towards the centre, there was a ruddy circular spot, about one-tenth of the diameter of the crater, the pipe of the volcano, its channel of communication with the lower regions, filled with incandescent, if not molten, lava, glowing and burning; with flames travelling to and fro over its surface, and scintillations scattering as from a wood fire; lighted by tongues of flickering flame which issued from the cracks in the surrounding slopes.

Still more thrilling than his description of this magnificent spectacle is Mr. Whympster's picture of another aspect of Cotopaxi, as viewed from Chimborazo some four months later, during his second ascent of that mountain. Sixty miles away, under a brilliant sky, the great cone of Cotopaxi suddenly shot forth a column of inky blackness, the top of which, in less than a minute, was "nearly forty thousand feet above the level of the sea." A high current from the north blew the spreading blackness towards Chimborazo, "apparently higher and higher, though actually descending." At first, Mr. Whympster estimates, these rolling clouds passed over the top of Chimborazo at a height of 5,000 feet:—

'When they commenced to intervene between the sun and ourselves the effects which were produced were truly amazing. We saw a green sun and smears of colour something like verdigris green high up in the sky, which changed to equally extreme blood-reds, or to coarse brick-reds, and then passed in an instant to the colour of tarnished copper or shining brass. . . . They were unlike colours for which these are recognized terms. They commenced to be seen when the clouds began to pass between the sun and ourselves, and were not seen previously. . . . No words can convey the faintest idea of the impressive appearance of these strange colours in the sky—seen one moment and gone the next—resembling nothing to which they can properly be compared, and surpassing in vivid intensity the wildest effects of the most gorgeous sunsets.'

At Riobamba, Latacunga, Quito, and other places of sojourn, the traveller found time and material for the study of Ecuadorian minds and manners, of which he gives much pleasant illustration and diverting anecdote. Everywhere they were regarded as seekers of treasure in the mountains. In the well-watered country, near the extinct volcano Altar, they fell in with the owner of some three hundred square miles. He was a shoeless, stockingless youth, and a prey to despondence. He was willing to sell twenty square miles of his domain to the elder Carrel for three hundred and fifty francs, or a farthing per acre. But when Mr. Whympster wished to make a bid for the mountain, he refused to sell at any price, because "there is much treasure in Altar." From Quito, first northward and then south, various unascended summits were conquered. These first ascents comprised Antisana (19,335 ft.) to the south-east of the capital; Cayambe (19,186 ft.) to the north-east; and Cotochachi (16,300 ft.) Two determined assaults were made on Illiniza in weather of the most appalling kind. Sincholagua was surmounted, and duly beheaded with the ice-axe of the elder Carrel. During the descent of Antisana to the camp an incident occurred that proved contrary to the ac-

cepted rule that it is not necessary to be roped when crossing a glacier that is not covered with snow. Striding along at their best pace, fifteen feet apart—Mr. Whympster in the centre—they had just discussed whether the rope should be taken off, as they had reached a nearly flat and slightly descending glacier:—

'In the twinkling of an eye the surface gave way, and I [Mr. Whympster writes] shot down, as it were through a trap door, nearly pulling both men over; and in the next second found myself dangling between two varnished walls of glacier, which met seventy feet below.'

Several times the guides slowly hauled, and again and again the brittle ice of the edges gave way, and down Mr. Whympster sank to the old unpleasant position. At length Jean-Antoine leaped the chasm, and the two men landed him safely with a jerk from the icy vault.

As to other ascents of virgin peaks—Sara-urcu (15,502 ft.) and Carihuairazo (16,515 ft.)—the details given are as full of interest as any in the volume. Alpine climbers are offered abundance of stimulating material by Mr. Whympster. The geological, zoological, and botanical specimens noted, or collected, are too considerable and important to be dealt with in a review of mountaineering achievements and experiences of travel. The collection of Ecuadorian antiquities, Indian charms, weapons, stone and bronze implements is discussed in a most interesting chapter. For the geologist, there are Professor Bonney's descriptions of the various specimens of rocks collected. The zoological collections include one thousand species of Insecta and Arachnida alone, and are described by Mr. H. W. Bates and other experts in the appendix that forms the second volume. These include many new species, a large proportion of which were obtained at great altitudes, and many of the more remarkable are figured in Mr. Whympster's admirable engravings after drawings by various artists. The objects of the traveller's investigation were so many, and the sphere of observation so extensive, it is hardly surprising to find that the results, as summarized in the tabulated information, present varied aspects of interest. That Mr. Whympster is a man of method we have long known, and the virtue that lies in method is convincingly established in the work before us. The maps and sketch-plans, too, will be found never-failing keys to the topography of his narrative. Of the many beautiful wood-engravings in the first volume, it is sufficient to say that they are worthy of Mr. Whympster's artistic reputation, and worthy also of their association with one of the most delightful books that is comprised in the literature of travel and discovery.

#### NOVELS.\*

AN "eager desire," observes Miss Marie Corelli, in the course of her new novel, *The Soul of Lilith*, "to prove what appears unprovable, is by no means an uncommon phase of human nature—it is, in fact, the very key-note and pulse of the present time. Every living creature who is not too stunned by misery for thought, craves to know positively whether the Soul—the Immortal, Individual Ego, be Fable or Fact. Never more than in this, our own period, did people search with such unabated, feverish yearning into the things that seem supernatural; . . . If the deepest feeling in every human heart to-day were suddenly given voice, the shout 'Excelsior!' would rend the air in mighty chorus." Therefore, when the wielders of the pen essay to tell us of wars, of shipwrecks, of hairbreadth escapes from danger, of love and politics and society, we read their pages with merely transitory pleasure and frequent indifference, but when they touch upon subjects beyond earthly experience, when they attempt, however feebly, to lift our inspirations [Miss Corelli means "aspirations," but "inspirations" does quite as well] to the possibilities of the Unseen, then we give them our eager attention and almost passionate interest." Miss Corelli has very sensibly resolved to gratify the universal yearning she describes, to lift our aspirations (or inspirations) to the Unseen, and to receive the eager attention and almost passionate interest of the British public. We are glad of this, because it will surely bring profit to the author, and to the exceedingly respectable and respected firm of publishers with whose assistance she brings her novel before the enraptured world. It is, indeed, a wondrous tale. A wizard, called El-Râmi, to whom all science, short of religion, was an

\* *The Soul of Lilith*. By Marie Corelli, Author of "Arcturion" &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1892.

*A Voyage of Discovery: a Novel of American Society*. By Hamilton Aidé. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1892.

*Only Human*. A Novel. By John Strange Winter, Author of "Bootles' Baby" &c. London: White & Co. 1892.

*Horsley Grange: a Sporting Story*. By Guy Gravenhill, Author of "Jack Skellington" &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.



open book, preserved in a sumptuous chamber the corpse of a beauteous maiden, called Lilith. Though she was dead she breathed, and appeared to be asleep, because of the scientific treatment to which El-Râmi had subjected her.

Her soul, meanwhile, was pretty much in the condition of the fly, celebrated in song, whose peculiarities were made the subject of scientific investigation by Miss Nelly Bly. By his devilish arts El-Râmi "let it out to fly about, And then he pulled it in." When it was pulled in he cross-examined it, and it sometimes taught him the social and political history of apparently human persons inhabiting heavenly bodies, and sometimes religious truth. When it told of the Emperor of Mars, and what his name was, and what laws he made (though goodness only knows why he made any, as it seems that our earth is the only planet in space where any one ever did anything wrong, or where evil has any existence), El-Râmi believed it with all the unreasoning faith of a man of science whose "evidence" seems to square with the desired inference. When it told him that he ought, like the man in Colonel Hay's ballad, to "believe in God and the angels," he said he was so made that he never could possibly believe anything that was not absolutely proved, and that nothing was proved until he saw it. He had a beautiful brother called Féraz, who was naturally a cheerful athlete, but whom he converted, by mesmerizing him, into a poet and a musician. This Féraz knew nothing about Lilith, until one day he saw her and loved her. This made El-Râmi jealous, and he began to love her too, whereby he awoke her from her trance, and the process destroyed what little life she had, and also incidentally what little intellect El-Râmi had, for he became even madder than before, though quieter, and sat in a corner stroking doves for the rest of his life. He had had a scientific friend, called Dr. Kremlin, who had made a "Disc." It was like a grindstone, but was composed of magnetic crystal, and it span round and round with a strange humming noise, reflecting the starlight, and Kremlin was sure that if he could only understand why which star produced what reflections he should discover something; but the Disc went round so fast, and life was so short, that he was afraid he might die before he made out anything. So El-Râmi—before the death of Lilith—gave him some elixir, which made him twenty years younger next morning, and so renovated his tissues that he was certain not to die, unless by violence, as long as the supply was kept up. This put his mind at ease; but just as he was on the point of a discovery (or would have been if the Disc had not gone round so plagiarily fast) a "fearful forked tongue of red flame leaped from the clouds, descending obliquely," in the course of a thunderstorm, and bowled over the tower in which the Disc was, and the Disc came down on Kremlin, and squashed him so flat that he had his "mortal remains actually swept up and wiped out" (author's italics). Another friend of El-Râmi's was a lady of incomparable beauty and unrivalled genius who went by the *nom de guerre* of Irene Vassilius. She wrote the best books that ever were written, and got a great deal of money for them, although the reviewers, who were jealous of her, because she was only a woman and they were men, sometimes wrote "infamous so-called critiques" of her glorious productions, which was just their nasty spite. And at last she condescended to marry a very handsome, clever, good, rich man, who understood, and frequently told her, how very much he was her inferior, morally and intellectually, she being a woman of genius, and he only a duke. So there! All this odd jumble of events is spread over a long-winded story with an immense quantity of commonplace and tiresome preaching in it. The extract at the beginning of this notice is fairly representative of Miss Corelli's ambitious style—and she has no other.

It is not an easy task, at the present time, to write a book deserving to be called "A Novel of American Society," and Mr. Hamilton Aidé must be congratulated on the courage he has displayed in the selection of his sub-title only less than on the success he has achieved. *A Voyage of Discovery* is a very pleasing, well-written story, in which impartiality is happily blended with patriotism, and a considerable number of more or less *vraisemblable* American characters are skilfully and agreeably presented to the reader. Some of them are nice people, one or two very nice, and we hope for the sake of the United States that there are plenty of such to be found therein. The pleasantest person in the book, however, is Grace Ballinger, the heroine, who is English, and the record of whose travels with her brother, a titled member of Parliament in search of remunerative investments, makes up the story. She inspires three genuine attachments, two of which culminate in proposals, but she has a romance of her own up her sleeve all the time, which is perhaps hardly fair on her Transatlantic admirers. Her brother, Sir Mordaunt, does his best to square things, however, by falling very resolutely in love with the most attractive of the young ladies they meet. In the course of the story a lady writes

a note of invitation beginning "My dear Miss Ballinger." To these words Mr. Aidé appends the following note—"By Americans it is considered more formal, by us more familiar, to begin with 'My.' I am surprised to find my friend, Mr. Marian [*sic*] Crawford, asserting precisely the reverse in his 'American Politician.' I can only refer this divergence of opinion to the experience of the general reader." We do not quite agree with either. In our experience, it is, in English, both more formal, and, if not more familiar, at any rate more affectionate, to begin with "My." In addressing for the first time a new acquaintance with whom we were by no means intimate, or to whom for any reason we wished to show decided respect, we should certainly write "My." Surely "Dear General," "Dear Judge," or "Dear Bishop of —" implies some degree of familiarity. On the other hand it is believed that most husbands in addressing their wives begin "My." Mr. Aidé, perhaps instinctively, when he reproduces letters of serious importance between his heroine and the man she loves (and who loves her, but has not declared himself) makes them begin "My dear Mr. Lawrence" and "My dear Miss Ballinger." There can be no question that each would have wished to be ceremonious in their style of address, and if Mr. Aidé's view were correct we should have expected "Dear." However, the question is easy enough to settle for oneself in practice. Mr. Aidé seems to be of opinion that the "Americanisms" most prominent at present in decent American society are "all the time" and "quite a number."

Except the common house fly there is probably not—if the word may be pardoned—a more beastly animal among those that are considered suitable topics for unreserved general conversation than the midge. Yet this horrid creature is actually selected by "John Strange Winter" to supply the heroine of *Only Human* with a family nickname. It is really rather a pity, because it qualifies the sympathy one is able to extend to her in her sufferings, and she wants all there is to be had. The novel is in two volumes, and has nothing whatever to do with the army. It is not constructed with any great skill, and is not written in a more correct style than one would expect, but it is quite sufficiently amusing to amuse all that considerable body of readers who are amused by the author's short stories. There is a good deal of agony piled up in the first volume, and the domestic persecutions undergone by "Midge" during the period of her woes, at the hands of two disagreeable sisters-in-law, are well told. The author seems to tire a little in the second volume, and to be glad enough to wind things up satisfactorily without prolonging complications. No doubt it is more difficult to "stay" over two volumes than one, or at any rate it requires a different training.

*Horsley Grange* is a horsey story, and among the names and titles of the half-dozen personages principally concerned in it are Sullington, Sinnington, and Lillingstone, while most of the action takes place at or near Croppington. From these circumstances we gather that the invention of names does not come easily to Mr. Guy Gravenhil, who is also, it seems, responsible for a previous essay in fiction entitled *Jack Skeffington*. There were three young friends of sporting tastes, who had lost all their money and gone to make fortunes in the Western States of America. Purely by accident they made one, and came home to take Horsley Grange, and provide themselves with three or four horses apiece. And they had good runs, and glorious runs, and bad days, and one rode the pulling bay, and another the little black that wouldn't face water, and there were ladies who hunted and danced, and to whom the gentlemen made suitable and duly chronicled offers of marriage. And there was a Grand National, in which one of their horses took part, and his owner was suspected of nobbling the favourite; but it all came right in the end. It is an inoffensive story, cheerfully told, and the author will probably be the first to acknowledge the compliment if we say that the book is not quite as good as an average novel of Captain Hawley Smart's, but not much worse.

#### LADY INGLIS'S SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

IN publishing her Diary which had been jotted down day by day under the roar of cannon and musketry Lady Inglis has, whether advisedly or not, complied with the Horatian warning against beginning the Trojan war with the eggs of Leda and the birth of Helen. She tells us very little about greased cartridges, the circulation of *chupatties*, and the annexation of Oudh. Her Diary begins with the rumours that preceded the outbreak at Meerut, and practically ends with the second relief of the garrison by Sir Colin Campbell in the middle of November 1857. We must dispose first of a few errors and omissions which, though

\* *The Siege of Lucknow: a Diary.* By the Hon. Lady Inglis. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1892

they do not in the least impair the value of a contemporary narrative of momentous events, are of the kind to perplex a reader and irritate a critic. In the first place, the name of Mr., now Sir George Couper, a distinguished member of the Civil Service, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, is invariably spelt Cowper, as if he were a relation and descendant of the poet. Members of the Royal family of Oudh are not accurately designated as "Dowlahs," though Doulat or Doula is a very common Muhammadan name. The most important of the baronial Talukdars of Oudh, who very cleverly waited till he saw exactly how the cat was going to jump, has no *h* in his name. He is Mân Sing. The domestic sweeper in every Anglo-Indian household is a *mehter* (*lit.* a prince), and not a *matah*. And the deposed King of Oudh is Wajid and not Wassid Ali. The gravest defect in the book, however, is the absence of any plan or map of the Residency. The reader longs to identify the exact situation of such posts as the Baily Guard, the Sikh squares, the Hospital, the Financial Garrison, the Store House, inside; and the Clock Tower, the Mosque, and the House of Johannes, outside the walls. Fortunately we have been able to lay our hands on Mr. Rees's *Personal Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow*, published in 1858, which contains an excellent plan of the city and of the Residency, to supply the omission. It makes the geography perfectly clear.

With these remarks and with the reminder that the siege took place thirty-five and not thirty-three years ago, as stated in the Preface, we have nothing but praise for this addition to the chronicles of 1857. The style is natural and unaffected. It brings vividly before us the imminent perils and the grave anxieties of the time, without the least exaggeration or straining after effect. There is not a single remark at which any survivor could take offence, nor any of those laboured political disquisitions which, though often attempted, explain nothing and either mislead or leave the origin of the Mutiny as uncertain as ever. And while the staple of the narrative, as might be expected, is sickness, separations, deaths, and the dread of storm or famine, a vein of feminine and delicate feeling runs through every page. There have been many famous sieges in Indian history, but we doubt if there was ever any in which the besieged and the besiegers were for eighty-seven days on such close and speaking terms. After the disastrous affair of Chinbat on June 30th, the Lucknow garrison had hastily to take refuge in an irregular pentagon defended by a few trenches, walls, and palisades, nowhere more than ten feet high, barricades of mud and earth rapidly thrown up, fascines and sandbags, with logs of wood to supply gaps where the walls had given way. How these frail partitions were made as impregnable as a counterscarp constructed by the most scientific engineers of France or Germany, is tolerably well known. Lady Inglis gives the numbers of the garrison at the beginning of July as follows. They differ somewhat from those of Mr. Gubbins:—

Artillery .....	80
Men of the 32nd and the 82nd .....	650
Native troops .....	479
Volunteers .....	150
Total .....	1,359

Besides the fighting men there were 500 women and children. Altogether, with native servants, we cannot be far wrong in estimating the total number at 2,000 souls. Lady Inglis adds that there was not room for more than 10,000 of the mutineers to assail the entrenchments at one and the same time. On one side, fortunately, there was the river Goomti. On the other three sides fresh relays of mutineers and *badmaishes* always kept up the number of the attacking party to the above figure. Inside the Residency two regiments had to defend an area which would have accommodated ten. Though there does not seem to have been a Hyder or a Tantia Topi, or even a Rani of Jhansi, to direct the mutineers, their tactics were by no means contemptible. They gave the garrison no rest. They carried out a series of mines with much ingenuity. Their picked marksmen struck down any officer or soldier who for a moment exposed his head. On one or two occasions the mutineers vainly tried to storm the position by sheer force of numbers. Once, on 18th August, they actually got within the defences, and a leader of irregulars met his death inside the breach. Everybody ought to read the work, and we need not dwell minutely on the incidents of the siege—the deprivation of those little comforts which are often called luxuries but which are almost the essentials of existence in the East, the stifling atmosphere, the effluvia from dead animals, the short rations, the want of water, and the broken rest. Far worse than these were the wounds that would not heal, the amputations of limbs always ending in death, the savage roar of implacable enemies trusting to numbers and time,

the baseless rumours of speedy succour, the proverbial delay that well-nigh sickened the stoutest heart. All this is well told by Lady Inglis, as it has been by the Laureate. On one occasion a discussion took place whether, if the mutineers forced their way inside and overpowered the defenders, suicide would be justifiable. Lady Inglis set the question at rest by the simple remark that, "if the time of trial came, our God who sent it would put it into our hearts how to act." This brief sentence is worth more than many long sermons.

We conclude with a few remarks on the place to which the defence of Lucknow is entitled in the history of the Mutiny. As a turning point in the war the capture of Delhi has always appeared to us of the first importance. There was the stronghold of the mutineers. A retreat from what had again become an imperial city would have been followed, certainly by the loss of the Panjab; and for a time, at least, by that of all Upper, Central, and Western India. A renewal of the horrors of Cawnpur at the capital of Oudh would have maddened every Englishman in India, and might have roused a thirst for revenge too strong for even Lord Canning to restrain. But Oudh had been lost for nearly three months when Havelock and Outram first relieved the garrison in September, to find that they had only enlarged the area of defence. Lord Clyde's arrival in November 1857 was not only not followed by any attempt to recover the Province, but it was the signal for the abandonment of the Residency and the city. Lady Inglis is quite justified in recording the sorrow and indignation with which Lord Clyde's order was received. It is all very well to urge that the rebellion could only be put down by a series of combinations and movements carried out with reference to each other and on a very extensive scale. Inglis and Outram maintained that the Residency should not have been given up; and the latter, as is well known, defended the Alum Bagh just outside the city for the whole of the cold season of 1857-58, and defied 100,000 rebels to storm his entrenched camp. The fall of Lucknow at any time in August or before the 25th of September would have justified the revival of Burke's language about the invasion of the Carnatic by Hyder Ali. All the horrors of war would have been mercy to that new havoc. From this unutterable shame and disaster England was saved by the constancy and heroism of Inglis and his garrison, and the bestowal of a K.C.B. upon the commander was by no means an excessive recompense for his bravery and skill. The failure of Lake to capture the fortress of Bhurtpore served for more than twenty years as a biting jest to the martial races of Upper India. The failure of swarms of rebels to force entrance into a far weaker place than the Jat capital will, we doubt not, be much longer remembered by Raja, Ryot, and Sepoy. No trip to our Dependency can be complete without a visit to the dismantled Residency, nor ought any Englishman anywhere to think of this siege without greater pride than he feels in the defence of Londonderry, Arcot, or Kara.

#### THE POCKET LIBRARY.\*

IN making the collection of English political verse which forms the second volume of the "Pocket Library" Mr. Saintsbury has been happily inspired. Most people—all, perhaps, who are fairly acquainted with the subject—will wonder that the attempt to represent the political verse of all periods in one volume should not have been made till now. To account for this neglect is even more difficult than to give a satisfactory explanation of the occurrence, within the historical age of parties, of well-marked periods of sterility and of fruitfulness in the art of political verse. The feeling of surprise that this interesting little book should be the first of its kind, and an entirely new example of the anthology, is decidedly not lessened when we consider the variety of the specimens collected, and that these, diverse as they are in style, are by no means exhaustive of the rich field whence they are drawn. Perhaps, as Mr. Saintsbury suggests, those who might have taken up the task shrank from the novel enterprise, by reason of the annotation, necessarily minute and copious, which one description at least of political verse requires, if rendered intelligibly to the reader of the day. Verse of the impromptu kind, squibs, lampoons, epigrams, and other effusions of a personal character undoubtedly claim the labours of the editor. Much of this verse is of an ephemeral order, though not a little is of considerable historical importance. There is another kind, however—not, we admit, more interesting, though possibly more valuable—that is exempt from this disability. It is concerned

\* *Political Verse*. Edited by George Saintsbury. "Pocket Library." London: Percival & Co. 1892.

*Selections from Defoe's Minor Novels*. Edited by George Saintsbury. "Pocket Library." London: Percival & Co. 1892.



with first principles, with national and patriotic aspirations, with the shaping spirit of some momentous crisis. Or its satiric impulse is of that lasting quality that has a general or permanent application. This, in short, is that verse which, though addressed to a party, belongs to mankind. Of course this division is but a rough characterization in the bulk, and is inclusive of a few sub-sections of political verse that do not absolutely belong to either category. Then there are certain exceptional cases, though they are, we think, somewhat rare, where the "personal" element is present in verse that is of the deepest significance. The "New Morality," in the Anti-Jacobin group, will occur to everybody as an example. We are as little likely to lose the Friend of Humanity as to witness the extinction of

The Friend of every Country but his own.

Mr. Saintsbury's book is excellently representative of both descriptions of political verse. The selection sets off with Skelton's rather excruciating lines on Cardinal Wolsey, and an extract from Spenser's *Mother Hubbard's Tale*. Then comes that excellent song "The Distracted Puritan" of Bishop Corbet, whom Mr. Saintsbury, apparently neglectful of *Hudibras*, styles "the best anti-Puritan rhymester," with its spirited refrain:—

Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,  
Mitres, copes and rochets;  
Come, hear me pray nine times a day,  
And fill your heads with crotchets.

But the earliest example of political verse, in the modern sense of the term, is supplied by Marvell's lines on the Dutch in the Medway, with their vigorous gibbeting of the misruling authorities in the person of the unhappy Commissioner of the Navy, the scapegoat Pett. Dryden is represented by his satire against sedition, "The Medal," not by his greatest satirical poem, "Absalom and Achitophel," which it was deemed "superfluous" to include in the collection. This choice exemplifies the great difficulty of selecting from political verse of the higher, the more permanent, and poetic order. We assume it is because they are superfluous in this sense that Mr. Saintsbury has not given the immortal lines of Butler on the political Puritan, though this person is active in our midst at this hour, and the wit and vigour of Butler's satire are never likely to want objective illustration. But of the Anti-Jacobin verse, certainly quite as well known, an excellent selection is made. Here are the "Friend of Humanity," with its companion, "The Soldier's Friend"; the delightful "Elegy on Jean Bon André"; Citizen Muskein's "Address to his Gun-Boats"; the incomparable "New Morality," with other good things, among which we miss, however, Canning's exquisite parody of Southey's juvenile verse on Henry Martin.

Was there ever an anthology that did not tempt the critic to miss more than the omissions that are inevitable—to miss, in fact, the excellence of the anthology as a whole? That fate there is no question of tempting in this instance. We are not so intent on lamenting lost favourites as to fail to rejoice over those that are found. With equal taste and discrimination Mr. Saintsbury's volume represents all periods of political verse-writing that merit recognition. If we note omissions, it is as evidence of the riches that remain, of which, we hope, a second series may be compiled as good as this present. Of the lighter order of work, there is ample diversity in the samples given of the "State Poems"; of Prior, Swift, and other Augustans; the well-known epitaph on Prince Frederick, "Who was alive and is dead"; extracts from the *Rolliad*; a capital gathering of the drolleries of Peter Pindar; specimens of Byron, Moore, and Præd. Akenside's "Epistle to Curio" appears to us, we confess, a heavy member of this goodly company, and much that is but shallow dulness in Churchill's "Conference" is tolerated for a few vigorous couplets. Let Mr. Saintsbury replace Churchill in a second volume by a sample of Chatterton—the lines on Bute, perchance. De Foe's "Character of True Englishmen" is in good place, and in "The Modern Patriot" of Cowper we have, indeed, "a gem." The extraordinary ease and gaiety of Moore's political verse is fully represented, though, indeed, you could scarcely overdraw on Moore's wit. Byron makes a thinner show, doubtless because ridicule, rather than savagery, is the mark of your true political verse. "The assumption of an easy and amused disdain"—it was natural with Præd, perhaps—is what Mr. Saintsbury considers the first requisite in this mode. Byron, with his usual frankness, owned that his political impromptus were too *farouche*, and "not very playful." Still, there is good matter to extract in *The Vision of Judgment*, and the famous eight lines that "produced eight thousand"—the Lines to the Princess Charlotte—possess real historic interest. But the omission that we find really unaccountable is the omission of Coleridge's anti-Pittite eclogue, "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," which, whether we regard the poetry of it or the vitriol, is a masterpiece. And why did so good a Peacockian neglect to give

Peacock's lines on Brougham, "The Fate of a Broom"? This is satire of the finest type, satire that has Dryden's vigour and concentration. As to the grace, the exquisite finish, the dexterity of "play," and the brilliant "cutting" property of Præd's satire, it cannot be said that those rare qualities are not perfectly represented in a selection that includes the famous song of the Whigs' "Intentions"; the delightful "Old Tory"; "Reasons for not Ratting"; "The Speaker Asleep," and "The State of the Country"—that engaging song set to the tune "We are now a trampled Nation." The late Dean Mansel's memorable satire "Phrontisterion" and Thackeray's "Canute" are good examples of the graver kind of political verse that forms our second order. With these also must be classed Mr. Traill's noble lines addressed "To a Famous Parliament," taken from *Recaptured Rhymes*, which brings Mr. Saintsbury's collection to an appropriate close.

If, turning to the second volume before us (the third of the collection), we consider only Defoe's works in fiction, including examples of the art of "True Relation," in which he is the acknowledged chief, the conventional division of the author's writings into major and minor classes appears to be extremely unsatisfactory, if not absolutely fallacious. With regard to other great novelists the accepted distinction holds good. It is substantially sound and authoritative. Everybody is agreed as to the minor novels of Fielding, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, though the line of separation between the "major" and the "minor" in these novelists may not be so rigidly fixed as in Defoe's case. The accepted division of Defoe's fiction is singularly arbitrary. On the one hand we have *Robinson Crusoe*. In the minor class we have the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, *Moll Flanders*, and *Colonel Jack*. It is probable that not more than one in the thousand among readers of *Robinson Crusoe* is acquainted with the three so-called minor works. Thus the test of popularity may easily be invoked in justification of the customary division of Defoe's works. And the test of popularity must be understood in reference, not to what has been popular—and *Moll Flanders* was in prodigious request with bygone generations—but to what has been, is, and is likely to be popular. The works of the greatest writers, however, unaccountably fall out of circulation among the general, and even in these days of cheap reprints there remains a considerable amount of almost forgotten fiction that is worthy of revival, and was once popular. Mr. Saintsbury's excellent volume of "Selections" from Defoe supplies a better test of the "minority" question. *Robinson Crusoe* is properly unrepresented in these extracts as the common possession of all, and "not so much in every one's hands as in every one's head." But no reader of these "Selections" should experience any difficulty in anticipating the additional specimens of Defoe Mr. Saintsbury would have given had he decided to draw upon *Robinson Crusoe*, and with these in his mind he will profitably pursue his comparative critical study of this suggestive little book. A keen eye for the characteristics of the author will conclude that there is no impenetrable wall of separation between the two divisions of Defoe's fiction, and that the selections Mr. Saintsbury gives from the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, from *Captain Jack*, and from *Moll Flanders* are every whit as expressive of Defoe's genius as any conjectural extracts from *Robinson Crusoe*. The process of critical selection is, beyond doubt, extremely favourable to the writer subjected to it; but these "Selections" from Defoe are not mere episodes, naturally susceptible of detachment from the story. They are, for the most part, lengthy extracts, sufficient in continuity of narration for the broadest and fullest representation of the writer. Altogether these "Selections" strengthen the conviction that Lamb's opinion of these novels is unassailable. And it is a very delicate and somewhat fanciful process of judgment that estimates *Moll Flanders* as of a lower rank in fiction than *Robinson Crusoe*. In pathos and passion—qualities not pre-eminent in Defoe's novels—the former work is decidedly superior, perhaps also superior in imagination. We may cite, for example, the affecting scene of the unexpected return of her deserting husband to *Moll Flanders*, and his account of the wailing voice that he heard as he was crossing the lonely waste of Delamere Forest. The incident of the voice that syllables men's names is reproduced in *Jane Eyre*, and we cannot but think it is of more thrilling effect in the work of the older writer, whose art is more persuasive by its simplicity and apparent artlessness. But *Moll Flanders*—"the most remarkable example of pure realism in literature," in Mr. Saintsbury's judgment—is an admirable work of art altogether, and one of the greatest of novels. In addition to the three works mentioned, Mr. Saintsbury selects from the *Adventures of Captain Singleton* and from *Roxana*; copiously with regard to the former novel, and lightly from the latter and inferior production.

## MR. BEATTY-KINGSTON ON INTEMPERANCE.\*

MR. BEATTY-KINGSTON'S vigorous essay on the great Drink question will commend itself to all sensible people as a thoroughly practical contribution to the subject. He wisely abstains from expatiating on the evils of intemperance, and confines himself to discussing the conditions that favour, and the measures that are most likely to check, it. The particular kind of intemperance dealt with is what he calls "popular drunkenness," that "visible and audible inebriety" which is "an offence *contra bonos mores*." It is a twofold offence, constructive as well as direct; that is to say, constructive on the part of the man who supplies the liquor, and direct on that of the drinker. Consequently, the problem has two sides—the distribution of liquor and the condition of inebriety—and it should be attacked on both. To put it in the concrete, What are we to do with the publican, and what with the drunkard?

In the first place, the author will have none of prohibition and the teetotal propaganda. He quotes with approval some of the *Daily Telegraph* correspondence on the point. Prohibition is a complete failure in those American States where it has been tried and meets with increasing disfavour in others. Connecticut, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Texas, New York, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island (where it has been tried), have all rejected it by increasing majorities. Concerning Maine and South Carolina, the two States where it is in force, the British Consul at Charleston reports—"Wherever prohibition does exist the sale of liquor continues all the same. Adulteration is carried on to an enormous extent, and greatly adds to the fatal results of intemperance." As for teetotalism, it is very justly termed a "monstrous assumption." Its principle is that A, B, C and the rest shall not enter a boat for their bodily health and solace because Z cannot swim. By all means provide coffee-houses and other counter-attractions to the public-house, though they will do no good unless they are really attractive, which is seldom the case; but to stop the liquor traffic is neither necessary, nor possible, nor desirable. It only wants regulating. And here a point of great importance comes in—namely, the distinction between liquor consumed at home and that imbibed at the public-house; or, from a legislative point of view, between "off" and "on" licences. Mr. Beatty-Kingston holds a strong brief for the former, and this part of his pamphlet deserves the careful study of all who are honestly interested in the question. He argues with much force that the agitation against the so-called "grocers' licences," got up by the public-house interest and supported by temperance faddists, is devoid of real foundation. Only 5 per cent. of the alcohol annually consumed is distributed under these licences, and almost the whole of it is applied to perfectly legitimate purposes. The grocer with a licence is merely the wine merchant of the lower middle classes, and his business, so far from encouraging intemperance, has the opposite effect. Men and women alike are much less tempted to drink to excess in the family circle, surrounded by all the checks which that implies, than in the public-house, where every influence encourages and none hinders. It is going too far, we think, to say that there "cannot be secret drinking in families"; there is such drinking; but it is much rarer than enthusiastic reformers assert it to be, and is absolutely insignificant in comparison with the "secret" drinking that goes on in public-houses and confectioners' shops. Consequently the "off" trade, which means home consumption, should be liberally encouraged within proper limits. It should still be controlled by the system of licensing, subject to police supervision; but the granting of licences should be freed from vexatious formalities, and the law which forbids the sale of liquor in quantities less than a quart should be altered, for this provision necessarily sends the poor to the public-house.

At the same time, the "on" trade should be thoroughly reformed in the direction of making the publican more responsible than he now is for drunkenness that takes place on his premises. In this connexion Mr. Beatty-Kingston analyses the new German Bill, and advocates the adoption of those clauses which "increase the retailer's liability to punishment for encouraging, or failing to discourage, excessive indulgence in liquor." This is very well in theory, but it is doubtful whether much would be gained in practice. What seems to be wanted is not so much stronger measures as more efficient administration of existing ones. The real difficulty lies with the police, or rather with human nature. The police are a capital body of men, but they are no more than human, and there is a certain—what shall we call it?—sympathetic bond between them and the publican which will always tend to obscure their vision or their

memory. The suggestion that they should ascertain at what public-house every drunken man they come across imbibed the poison is obviously impracticable. No doubt publicans ought to be punished far more than they are; for if they chose they might practically abolish street drunkenness, but it is not easy to bring them to book. One of the German provisions, however, sounds hopeful—that, namely, which forbids a landlord to turn a drunken customer off the premises without seeing him home. It is framed on the most effective of all principles, that of letting the consequences fall directly and with full force on the offender.

Mr. Beatty-Kingston does not deal at equal length with the drunkard himself, but what he says is very much to the point. It is summed up in a few words:—"Casual drunkenness should be treated as a crime, habitual drunkenness as a dangerous malady, inveterate drunkenness as a mortal disease." Here, again, most thinking people will agree that, if we are to move at all, it should be in the direction indicated. The carrying out of the whole programme is, no doubt, attended with serious difficulties; but something at least may be done to make the common drunkard suffer more for his sins than he usually does. We are apt to pity him far too much and punish him far too little.

## CASANOVA.\*

OUR old friends Latude and Casanova have their very good right to a place in the Adventure Series, and Mr. P. Villars has acted as their introducer with much judgment. This, the reader will at once perceive, is another way of saying that he does not present Casanova as the victim of Popish superstition, nor Henri Masers de Latude as an innocent sufferer by the wickedness of Mme. de Pompadour. Mr. P. Villars very properly points out that Casanova was as great a scoundrel as ever swindled and lied, and that Latude had every desire in the world to be a cheat. He has also some very sensible remarks to make on the Bastille. It is true, no doubt, that the lying legend of that prison has been well exploded. Still, when the extraordinary tenacity of life shown by the Revolutionary legends is remembered, it is to our editor's credit that he is not found repeating one. This at least is a negative virtue. But Mr. Villars has the positive merit of estimating the critical faculty of the many very accurately, and tells a case in point which came under his own observation at a very instructive time:—

"During the Commune of 1871 at Paris the good folk of the Tenth Arrondissement were greatly horrified one morning to hear that a few skeletons had been found in the church of St. Laurent, and more still to hear the explanation given of their presence in that church. It was rumoured—and no one could ever trace the origin of the report, due, no doubt, to some wag with a grim turn of mind—that these skeletons were the remains of young girls who had been murdered by the clergy of the parish after having fallen victims to the lust of the priests. The story was too absurd not to be immediately believed in by the ignorant rabble, and some of the local authorities took good care to turn to account the gullibility of the *concierges*, male and female, and servant girls of the district. The skeletons were exhibited (of course for money), and after such a convincing proof of the villainy of the priests no one dared to doubt the truth of the legend, which is still believed in by many old parishioners, who to this day insist that they "have seen the bones of the victims" with their own eyes."

The dreadful tale will no doubt take its place in time in the *Dictionnaire de Larousse*, if it is not there already.

Mr. Villars is thoroughly well justified in dismissing the foolish stories told about the Bastille, and in pointing out that Latude was only saved from being a swindler, in fact, by the extreme silliness of his plot against Mme. de Pompadour. And yet in a way the man's history is an example both of the stupidity and of the commonly unintentional cruelty of the old régime. He laid a silly plot to defraud Mme. de Pompadour. On his own showing he invented a cock-and-bull story of a conspiracy to murder her, and pretended to reveal it. His object was to cheat her into providing him with a good place. To the end of his life he continued to believe that this was a harmless youthful indiscretion which did not affect his character as an honest man. If he had been pilloried and imprisoned for a year as a cheat he would only have earned his deserts. Nothing more would have been heard of him unless he had come to the surface—probably with the help of the gallows—in the large and varied scoundrel world of the eighteenth century. But by imprisoning him without trial

\* *Intemperance: its Causes and its Remedies.* By W. Beatty-Kingston. London: Routledge & Sons. 1892.

\* *Adventure Series—The Escapes of Casanova and Latude from Prison.* Edited, with an Introduction, by P. Villars. Illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.



for thirty-six years, for much of the time in such undoubtedly abominable dens as Vincennes and Bicêtre, the Government made him a victim. It was a very stupid thing to make Latude the object of sympathy to honest people like Mme. Legros, who, if he had been reasonably punished and left to follow the dictates of his natural vanity and dishonesty, would have had no feeling for him but contempt. It may be that if he had not escaped repeatedly he would have been released sooner. But under no circumstances ought even the devil's elect to receive more than their wages, as Carlyle, who had no visible tenderness for criminals, allowed. When every allowance is made, it is clear that Latude was overpaid with punishment. The story of his escapes has a certain interest. The man's egregious vanity obviously led him to exaggerate their difficulty, for the watch kept in his various prisons was often slovenly, and in the Bastille he had a great deal of freedom. Still he did show an amount of ingenuity, pertinacity, and resolution which, with rather better luck, would have enabled him to approach the eminence of his fellow-adventurer in this volume—the too-famous Jean Jacques Casanova de Seingalt.

This person, concerning whom the world has long ago made its mind up, was—one cannot say the better, but—not at any rate intrinsically the more despicable of the two. He was a very great blackguard. So much is clear, even when allowance is made for his bragging. If it ever was right to put one's fellow-sinner into the Piombi, Casanova had proved his claim to his lodgings. But then people had begun to doubt whether it ever was right to put the worst of scoundrels in such a place, or in any prison, without trial and a proved offence. So when the Republic of Venice did so imprison Casanova, instead of trying him and sending him to the galleys as a rogue and vagabond, it made a victim of him. His account of his escape is undoubtedly good reading. The scoundrel had humour, and an eye for character and a power of drawing it with his pen. He is not lachrymose, and gives himself no airs of virtue. Indeed, he was quite external to morals, which he recognizes as things having an existence, no doubt, but no necessary connexion with him. He was, in fact, a bold, active, ingenious head of vermin—to be looked at with curiosity, laughed at, and hanged in authentic hemp. The old Thugs told their early feats to our police-officers in India very much as he recounted his adventures, though probably with more accuracy; for Casanova plainly coloured his doings as brightly as might be. In his case, also, the difficulty of escape was greatly lessened by the very lax system of supervision of the Venetian prisons. Prisoners were only visited once a day, and that very superficially. Still, ingenuity, obstinacy, and nerve were required to escape from the Piombi; and they were shown by Casanova and by Balbi, who escaped with him. We have Casanova's word for it that these qualities were shown by himself in a much more eminent degree than by his companion. The exact value of his word is perhaps hardly worth estimating. But the escape was a very good one—worthy of the imagination of Dumas, in fact—and told, as the judicious reader will see for himself, with no small vivacity and a distinct sense of humour. The gaoler, the venerable Count who declined to lend Casanova more than two sequins, the superstitious fellow-prisoner whom he fooled with a story of a miracle, and his assistant Balbi are all drawn with a go which proves that Casanova might, if nature had not decided that he should be a swindler, have written lively tales of adventure.

#### CARDINAL NEWMAN.\*

IT is possible that some readers of *Philomythus* who have not gained the serene heights of critical detachment may be disposed from their reading of that ungracious and paralogical book to take up *The Anglican Career of Cardinal Newman* with a strong prejudice against it. Let us reassure them. Dr. Abbott, whatever his shortcomings, is not a fool; and the almost unanimous reprobation which the tone of *Philomythus* received from all competent critics has not been without its effect on him. We find, indeed, little reference to his experiences in the *Philomythus* matter except a mild protest against some remarks of Mr. Gore (an ingeniously selected adversary, for Dr. Abbott doubtless knows that *qui Philomythum odit* most probably *non amat Lucem Mundi*), and a few innuendoes here and there. But his general attitude is very considerably chastened, and may be called comparatively decent. Moreover, Dr. Abbott (whether influenced by a certain pretty direct appeal of our own or not we have not vanity enough to trouble ourselves to inquire) appears to have taken considerable pains to clear up that obscurity as to his own

theological standpoint which was complained of in his former work. He gives us, indeed, no *credo* very much more distinct than the negative "*Non credo in Newmannum*." But he takes some pains by both direct and indirect means to represent himself as an "Anglican," not merely, as in *Philomythus*, a "Protestant," and, though his Anglicanism appears to us to be at least as doubtful on one side as ever was Hurrell Froude's or W. G. Ward's on another, he is good enough to throw in his lot with us. "There are other reasons," he says, "why Anglicans should take a special interest in Newman's Anglican career," and shortly afterwards the "author cannot feel it necessary to apologize for being interested and seeking to interest others in Newman's Anglican career." Putting these two passages of his preface together, we too cannot feel it necessary to apologize to Dr. Abbott if we suppose him to present himself as an Anglican.

Yet we are still unable exactly to discern the nature, extent, and direction of Dr. Abbott's interest as an Anglican, or even otherwise, in this career to which he is attaching himself so very much after the fashion of a leech. In *Philomythus* he gave 250 pages to a small and a merely derivative section of Newman's work and thought. He now devotes some nine hundred large pages to an examination of the *Apologia*, the *Letters*, and the Anglican works generally, especially the Poems and Sermons, as they bear upon Newman's character, his conduct, and especially his final step in leaving the English for the Roman Church. Surely there is something too much of this. In one of those curious passages of which more presently, and which show what a wall of brass separates Dr. Abbott from any point of view from which he could possibly understand Newman, he observes, with an apparent mixture of impatience, bewilderment, and contempt, that "he [Newman] was ready, for instance, to believe that the world would actually *not hold* [the italics are not ours] all the books that might be written about the miracles of Jesus on the earth." To Dr. Abbott, who is, if anything, rather too prone to attempt the *reductio ad absurdum*, we need hardly apologize for remarking that he has himself demonstrated the reasonableness of taking these words with the most Capernaite literalness. If a man can write nine hundred pages (with an evident capacity of writing nine, or ninety, or nine hundred thousand) on the acts of a Master of Arts of the University of Oxford, there can be little difficulty in believing that the world would not hold the books which might be written by any number of persons about the miracles of Christ the Lord.

The truth is that on Dr. Abbott's system of writing there is no reason why not merely the world in its ordinary acceptation, not merely the solar system, but the utmost distances of the fixed stars, should not be filled with books about almost any subject. He takes, as we have said, the *Apologia*, the *Letters*, and some other passages from Newman's works and works about Newman. (Let us observe parenthetically that his references to Dean Church are not very happy, and that he seems to overlook the fact that *The Oxford Movement* never received the Dean's final revision.) Then he makes each the text of a shorter or longer disquisition, which generally may be resumed in the words "I don't like Newman," which too frequently might be resumed in the words "I don't understand Newman." There is evidently no limit to this proceeding. We ourselves stand astonished at Dr. Abbott's actual moderation rather than at his actual longwindedness. When we consider his method, when we consider his results, when we ask ourselves even what he thinks his results are, the astonishment, we admit, takes a different direction. In reviewing *Philomythus* we observed in effect, though not in these words, that Dr. Abbott is a great knocker in of open doors. Very many of the minor conclusions which he goes about, with immense apparatus of citation and of argument, to prove are conclusions which hardly any one save ignorant persons or blinded partisans would dream of denying. No one who, with the most moderate intelligence, impartiality, and care, has investigated the subject, would, we say, dream of denying that Newman was a person whose thoughts were immoderately concentrated on that aspect of religion which concerns the mere salvation of the individual; that he was too prone to think of the wrath of God; that in his reasoning processes he was apt to assume the conclusion long before he adjusted the premises to it; that he was terribly weak in historical and theological learning; and that his methods of controversy too often smacked of the "Jesuitical." Of the first of these propositions, indeed, Dr. Abbott himself seems rather afraid, perhaps because he thinks the too open enunciation of it would shock some whom he wishes to conciliate, perhaps because he is to some extent in the same box with Newman. To ourselves the fact, together with Newman's astonishing ignorance of history—ignorance admitted by himself and his friends, and patent on every page of his writings—is sufficient to explain his

\* *The Anglican Career of Cardinal Newman*. By Edwin A. Abbott. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

own career. Like too many other Christians, it is to be feared that he regarded the Church, not by any means, as Dr. Abbott seems to think, as a corporation whose power was to be increased and supported at any price, but as a kind of insurance company in which he was himself a policy-holder, and in regard to which he was in a perpetual state of morbid dread that when the time came the company might not be solvent. His intensely introspective and nervous temperament and his evangelical bringing-up were about equally responsible for this result, and for the intermediate result of his transferring himself to another company, which asserted itself more boldly, and which, in his imperfect knowledge of history, he thought had the better title-deeds to the property it claimed. All the less engaging features of his conduct—his irresolution, his occasional excesses either in violence or in subtlety of language, and the rest—hold of this overmastering fear, and are explained by it.

Dr. Abbott sees this in part, but only in part, and, unless he is himself exercising the economy he condemns, large parts of his inquiry seem to us to be altogether wandering and irrelevant. But, even supposing that they were all relevant, for what sort of persons does he intend them? Who will read nine hundred pages, which, after all, are hardly intelligible without reading a great deal besides, on a single person's career? Those who are intensely and genuinely interested in the subject will go to the originals, and we are bound to say that they will find the originals not so very much more voluminous, much more readable, and much more profitable in every way. Those who are not so interested will assuredly not read the nine hundred pages of Dr. Abbott. After faithfully reading the book in one of the seasons for which the Church ordains penitential occupations, we cannot conscientiously urge them to follow our example. Not only is there an immense waste of time and trouble over what could have been put with far greater effect in a tithe of the space, but Dr. Abbott's position is hopelessly vitiated by his utter want, not merely of sympathy with, but of bare understanding of, the phenomenon he is examining. To him Newman's conception of the universe, his belief in "angels," his unhesitating acceptance not merely of the duty, but of the reasonableness, of prayer, are mere foolishness. To take one or two instances only, when Newman, in his strongly imaginative way, gives vent to some speculations about the angels of the nations, Dr. Abbott falls into that mood of half-contemptuous, half-angry bewilderment which we have already noted. He falls into it again when Newman puts the interpretation as of a sign on an anthem, or something of the kind, chosen by the organist of a church which he attended by chance. He falls into it most of all at the notion of praying for success in a competitive examination. And either because he is more serious, or because he is more cautious, he does not on any of these occasions express himself in the Voltairian or Huxleian mood which seemed to possess him in *Philomythus*. He either actually feels or simulates with remarkable dexterity a quite serious incredulosity and almost horror. We shall suppose this to be genuine. For the simulation of it in a man who, as Dr. Abbott does, admits the practice of devout persons, and speaks of "Him" with a capital in reference to God and to Christ, would argue either gross inconsistency or a very detestable hypocrisy of which without full proof we decline to hold any one guilty.

Therefore this mood of irritated surprise must be taken as genuine in Dr. Abbott. That is to say, he is unable to understand how a man of great intellectual ability and of varied culture could believe in an omnipresent and populous spiritual world, could hold that the combined Power and Goodness and Wisdom of God may and should be appealed to exactly as a child appeals to those in authority over him, knowing that, perhaps, they may not think it fit to grant his request, but still requesting whatsoever he is not ashamed to desire, and could think it not improper, omniscience and omnipotence being granted, to suppose that in any particular fact or incident of the physical universe there may, besides the ordinary causes and motives, be an over-directing Providence of God intended to guide, to warn, to comfort particular human beings who happen to be brought into contact with that fact or incident. Now it is no part of our business in this particular place to champion supernatural religion. But it is quite evident, in the first place, that the view which Newman in his impulsive, imaginative, and logical (if somewhat onesidedly logical) way carried to extremes is at least permissible to those who believe in any supernatural religion whatever. And it is not quite so clear whether belief in any supernatural religion whatever can be accorded to those who, like Dr. Abbott, fail even to comprehend how such ideas are possible to a man of full age and full faculties. Nay, there is something clearer still; it is that it is utterly impossible for a man in Dr. Abbott's position to criticize a man in Newman's position in any thorough and satisfactory manner. The critic and the person criticized do not use the same language, do not

employ the same logic, have scarcely a postulate or an axiom, a definition or a method in common. Either may be right or both may be wrong in different degrees; but it is next to hopeless that the one, save on rare and detached points, should serve in the very slightest degree as a useful measure and interpreter of the other.

#### FAMILIAR STUDIES IN HOMER.\*

SINCE Mme. Dacier Miss Clerke is probably the first lady who has helped to elucidate Homer. She calls hers "a non-erudite study," and intends it for "the benefit of the general-reading public," not for experts and specialists. Her object, indeed, is to sketch some aspects only of Homeric life; but she is obliged, of course, to have her own theory of Homer. She accepts the views of Mr. Leaf in his preface to Miss Sellers's translation of Schuchardt—that is, she believes the Homeric poems to be the work of minstrels living in European Greece towards the close of the Mycenaean period, and before the Dorian invasion. Recent archaeological discoveries appear to make this the most probable opinion. But the doubts manifestly entertained by Mr. A. S. Murray, and expressed in his new book on Greek art, may warn us not to be too confident. In reviewing Mr. Murray's book, we did not conceal our preference for the ideas of Mr. Leaf, which tally best with tradition. Too often, unluckily, has the Homeric problem seemed on the point of solution; too often have we been reduced again to doubts and speculations. For the present, however, we are decidedly inclined to agree with Miss Clerke, and to hold that the Homeric poems give an immortal picture of Greek heroic life before the Dorian invasion and the overthrow of the ancient institutions. Perhaps the least satisfactory of Miss Clerke's interesting essays is the first, on "Homer as a Poet and as a Problem." The topic cannot be dealt with shortly, nor superficially. Miss Clerke avers that the poems "remained unwritten during at least two centuries. . . . Oral tradition alone preserved them; and not the punctilious oral tradition of a sacerdotal caste, like the Brahmins, but that of a bold and innovating class of rhapsodes. . . . Pisistratus did good service by for the first time editing the Homeric poems." Every point in the statement which we thus abridge (pp. 18, 19) is disputable. That there may have been original written texts is an opinion gaining ground even in Germany, where Wolf's arguments against early writing are disappearing like a mist.

Again, we know nothing historically of "rhapsodes" till several centuries after the fall of the Mycenaean civilization. As Mr. Jevons has shown with great force, the Homeric minstrel chants his own poems to a small audience in a king's court. The rhapsodist declaimed Homer's poems to a large popular audience at a public festival. Between the Homeric minstrel and the earliest known rhapsodists comes a revolution in society, a change from monarchy to democracy. Some scholars believe in a college of "Homeridae" who sedulously preserved the "punctilious oral tradition" of the poems, as the Brahmins preserved the Veda. We see no evidence for the existence of such a college, but the theory, if correct, would account for the preservation of the epic. Miss Clerke's imaginary "Rhapsodes" are historically inconceivable, at the date to which she assigns them, and if they were as free to "improve" Homer as she imagines, we may have very little of the original poetry left. But Miss Clerke believes in two original poets, one for the Iliad and one for the Odyssey. Finally, the "editing" by Pisistratus is now almost universally abandoned; "German critics doubt the fact," as Miss Clerke says in a note, and so do English critics; or rather, they do not doubt, they disbelieve. Mr. Jevons has very ingeniously traced the effects of "rhapsodizing" on Homer as we possess him—that is, has shown how the rhapsode would modify his recited selections so as to give them a wholeness, appropriateness, and unity suited to his purpose. If a State edition was really made at Athens, these alterations by rhapsodists might conceivably get into the text as glosses occasionally do. But all this implies an original mass of poetry pre-existing from which the rhapsodists made their selections. How that original mass was preserved, whether by memory or in manuscript, is the problem, and we are inclined to believe in an early manuscript. Granting the possibility of such early writing, this theory offers fewer difficulties than any other. All this is matter of conjecture and opinion; but Miss Clerke's hypothesis of preservation "for a couple of hundred years," by "a bold and innovating class of 'rhapsodes'" is, we think, quite untenable.

The Odyssey she regards as one poem from the first, and here

\* *Familiar Studies in Homer*. By Agnes M. Clerke. London: Longmans. 1892.



we are happy to agree with her. As to the Iliad, "the component strata are manifestly dislocated, and some intruded masses can be clearly identified," for example, Book X., the story of Dolon, and the Horses of Rhesus. What else is "dislocated" or "intruded" does not clearly appear. "The Olympian machinery generally works in an ill-regulated and haphazard fashion," says Miss Clerke, but that proves nothing. It is the Olympian machinery that produces the discrepancies, but the very nature of Mythology produced the Olympian machinery. The Gods of myth are essentially contradictions in terms; they cannot be reduced to reason; hence the confusions in the plot of the Iliad. Had there been no such confusions, then we might be certain that the arrangement of the poems was late, literary, and not a product of an age of Greek faith. Though she seems to accept Book IX. as genuine (the Iliad, indeed, being meaningless without it), Miss Clerke says that the book is "ignored later on." The space of a whole article would be required to prove, by quotations, that the Ninth Book is *not* thus ignored, but conspicuously influences the whole. The opponents of the unity try to disprove this, in their usual arbitrary way, by excising at will many so-called "interpolations." But, as Mr. Munro shows, Grote did not excise enough for his own purpose. Miss Clerke is not a convinced believer in separatist arguments. Is it likely that Helen, for example, and Andromache, too, come from another hand than that of the original poet? "The prevalent uniformity in manner and spirit is certainly unfavourable to the hypothesis of divided authorship." On the whole, she seems to discard merely Book X., the "feeble and futile Theomachy" and "a few notoriously interpolated passages." The Theomachy is not so feeble and futile as Milton's was in Heaven—is that to be cut out of *Paradise Lost*? On the whole, Miss Clerke thinks that the Iliad is "a building which has suffered extensive restoration." The question is one of degree, and almost all critics vary widely when they come to details.

Miss Clerke is a determined *Chorizousa*. The Odyssey is not, she feels certain, from the same hand as the Iliad. She urges the usual arguments for separation; we cannot accept them. There is a marked difference of tone, because there is an essential difference of subject. But take the character of Odysseus in each poem; could any man but the original creator have made the Odysseus of the Iliad so true to himself, in wholly changed circumstances, as he appears in the Odyssey? That is a more important consideration than a few changes in the floating and shifting mass of mythology. What most persuades Miss Clerke is the poet's love of dogs in the Odyssey, and his hostile references to dogs in the Iliad, while in the Iliad he is in love with horses, and has little to say about them in the Odyssey. The mere change of circumstances accounts for all this. There are no horses in rugged Ithaca and the haunted islands of the fairy seas. Hence we hear little about the war-horse in the Odyssey. Though Patroclus keeps messan dogs in the Iliad, dogs in time of war are mainly in view as carrion-beasts, devourers of the slain. Nobody likes them in that aspect, not even Miss Cobbe. Even Scott, had he fought on the ringing plains of windy Troy, would have found the local dog unsympathetic. "No dog crouches beside Achilles in his solitude, or offers to his unsurpassed grief the dumb and wistful consolation of his sympathy." No, nor does any dog crouch by Balfour of Burley in his solitude. Like almost all the differences in tone which distinguish the Iliad and Odyssey, we think that this difference about dogs and horses may be explained by the changed circumstances. If no dog is called by a name in the Iliad (like Argus in the Odyssey), that is because no dog comes into special notice. Homer could not name all the nine messan dogs of Patroclus; he gives catalogues enough already. However, Miss Clerke thinks it "psychologically impossible" that the same poet should speak friendly of tikes in peace, and should regard them as carrion-scavengers in war. What will not Homeric critics say?

The greater part of Miss Clerke's essays deal with less disputable matters—for example, with Homeric astronomy, knowledge of plants and metals, metallurgy, cookery, and so forth. These are very interesting and valuable studies, and even the general reader may peruse them with entertainment. Homer's theological position, comparatively civilized, and succeeded historically by a semi-savage recrudescence of mythology—really much older than the religious ideas of Homer—Miss Clerke, perhaps, does not quite understand. But she does not dwell much on this matter, and she perfectly apprehends the comparative purity and nobility of Homer's religious conceptions. Her identification of *nepenthe* with opium is clever, if not convincing. Had the Greeks known opium, how much we should hear of it, how many of them would have sat by the "Gate of the Hundred

Sorrows"! On the whole, Miss Clerke's book is a most pleasant and popular treatment of Homeric *Realien*. For a thorough study of the Homeric problem she had, perhaps, neither space nor inclination.

#### A SIMPLE SERVICE BOOK.\*

THE great increase of late years in the number of churches where the responses are sung or chanted by the choir makes a book of this kind a necessity. A choral service book, comprising the whole Book of Common Prayer, noted for use in cathedrals, was issued by Messrs. Novello & Ewer last year, and was duly noticed in these columns; but the present volume is of a different character. It is intended, as the title says, for parish churches, and one of its more remarkable features is the low price at which it may be obtained. It contains the ferial and festal responses, the litany, a series of chants, single and double, for canticles and psalms, and music for the Communion service. It is published in royal octavo at a shilling, and in smaller print at sixpence; and separate parts, as the Litany or the Communion service, are to be had at still lower prices. This brings it within the reach of almost all choirs in town or country, and if it introduces some amount of uniformity in the music of different places, a good work will have been done. A great variety of chants, old and new, will also commend the book; a set for the Proper Psalms being especially useful.

The Bishop of Wakefield's prefatory observations are, at least, novel. He thinks G too high for the congregation. Few clergymen will agree with him. The consensus of ages is in favour of G. There is no other note on which the trebles and basses can so easily unite. A man whose bass is too low for it can take the octave below without discord. It suits all tenor, baritone, and soprano or alto voices. No doubt, as the bishop observes, the A, very common in Yorkshire, is too high—that is, it would be too high in, say, London or Wiltshire, but in the tuneful districts of North Lancashire and South Yorkshire, where the best voices in England are to be met in village choirs, it sounds admirably. It is fairly evident that the Bishop has a low voice himself, and he would make no exception to the rule of reading the general confession on E. The musical editor, however, gives the confession on G, but, no doubt, adds, influenced perhaps by the Bishop's remark, "or better on E." Tallis's service for festal days follows the ordinary service; and Marbeck's litany comes next. Altogether this is a book safely to be recommended.

#### THE HOUSE OF CROMWELL.†

THE work of Mr. Waylen has been chiefly directed to the completion and continuation of Mark Noble's well-known history of the Cromwell family. It is now more than a century since Noble's book came out, and further particulars were very desirable. In one thing we are not satisfied with Mr. Waylen. Noble was very much at fault about the early history of the family, and the late Mrs. Henley Jervis and others were at great pains to clear up the questions which arose as to the Smiths of Putney, the Williamses of Kensington, and other folk who were said, with more or less truth, to have been concerned in the progeniture of Thomas Cromwell, the famous Earl of Essex, and of Oliver, the Huntingdon squire, who made himself master of England. It is a pity that when he was upon the subject Mr. Waylen did not summarize or detail for us the result of these inquiries, which at present are scattered in *Notes and Queries*, the *Kensington Parish Magazine*, and various genealogical periodicals, and are practically inaccessible to the general reader. The first Cromwell family, that of the descendants of Thomas, Earl of Essex, did not become extinct until 1687, on the death of the last Earl of Ardglass; for though the Essex title was extinguished by the attainder, the son of the Vicar-General was summoned to Parliament in his father's barony, and the Irish earldom was conferred on his heirs in 1645. The second Cromwell family, that of Oliver, the Protector, was extinguished in 1821, at the death of Oliver Cromwell, of Cheshunt. "His excellent wife," says Mr. Waylen somewhat ambiguously, "whose charitable deeds were long remembered in the neighbourhood, lived on till 87." She really died in 1831, and Mr. Waylen's figures refer to her age. Her only

\* *The Choral Service Book for Parish Churches*. Compiled and Edited by J. W. Elliott, Organist and Choir Master of St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, London. With some Practical Counsels by the Lord Bishop of Wakefield. London: Seeley. 1892.

† *The House of Cromwell, and the Story of Dunkirk*. A Genealogical History of the Descendants of the Protector, with Anecdotes and Letters. By James Waylen. London: Elliot Stock.

daughter married Mr. Thomas Artemidorus Russell, and left a numerous family, with whose "pedigree and performances" Mr. Waylen is chiefly concerned. Her eldest daughter married a Mr. Prescott, her second daughter a General Armstrong, whom Mr. Waylen at p. 44 calls the son-in-law of the last Mr. Cromwell, and her third and fourth daughters gentlemen named respectively Whitfield and Warner; and as all these ladies left children the Cromwell race is not likely to become speedily extinct. There is a curious but inconclusive passage as to the application made by Mr. Russell for leave to take the name of Cromwell. It has hitherto been supposed that George III. refused the royal licence, then considered necessary for a change of surname. George III. is reported to have exclaimed, "No more Cromwells!" But, as Mr. Waylen points out, the "credit of the refusal has been variously ascribed to the old King, to the Prince Regent, and to William IV." According to another and much more likely story, the last Mr. Oliver Cromwell thought the name might prove a hindrance to his grandchildren, and it was not till after his death that application was made to William IV. Mr. Waylen ought to have had opportunities of getting at the facts, and the absence of a decision is tantalizing. Calumnies against the Royal Family are cheap and safe, and are seldom directly contradicted. When the lady complained to George II. that people said she had twins by his Majesty, he replied, "Tell them never to believe more than half what they hear."

The book is a collection of scraps, including a long account of Sir William Lockhart; the campaign in Flanders in 1658; the siege and surrender of Dunkirk; a series of letters of Oliver Cromwell, "unnoticed in the Carlyle Collection," mostly uninteresting, and perhaps omitted by Carlyle on that account; a full reprint of the "Souldier's Pocket Bible," a curious selection of Scripture passages, of which only two copies are said to exist; and a long string of "Anecdotes of Oliver Cromwell," culled from all kinds of sources, authentic and otherwise—chiefly otherwise. A passage near the end of the volume relates to "the bones of Oliver." Mr. Waylen has, unfortunately for himself and his readers, so imbued his mind with Carlyle that he cannot write straightforward English, and appears to be always arguing with and answering himself. He has very vague ideas about names and titles. For example, he constantly speaks of Lady Mary Fauconberg, and writes thus about Praise God Barebone:—"To make matters worse, they tampered with his surname; and Barbone (which in its legitimate form points to some Lombardy ancestor, some importer of felts) became Barebones. Well, let it be granted"; and then follows a long argument to prove we know not what, in which Mr. Waylen, displaying a singular ignorance of all the facts relating to the family of the pious Huguenot, Dr. Barbon, of Temple Bar, sets himself up and knocks himself down, figuratively speaking, half a dozen times, ending with a paragraph which begins thus:—"But some odd names undoubtedly existed?—Granted"; and which ends—but we have not got to the end, and if we had to read much more of Mr. Waylen's Carlylese, our discourse would become an endless catechism, a perpetual solemn asseveration of facts which "nobody was never a denying of."

#### DYNAMOS.\*

THE rapid growth of electric lighting in London at the present time lends a special interest to any book which attempts to explain in a popular way the means by which the light is produced. In five years the number of lamps working in the metropolitan area has increased from 6,000 to 300,000. The period between 1882, when Mr. Chamberlain's Electric Lighting Act was passed, and 1888, when the Act now in force became law, was a period of disaster. The failure was largely due, as we have several times pointed out, to the too stringent provisions of the former Act, and the recklessness with which Companies were floated for speculative purposes, and patents bought at extravagant prices. It is also true, no doubt, that the electrical machinery and appliances then in use were comparatively immature and ineffectual; but, in view of the success of the Grosvenor Gallery installation, we cannot agree with those who attribute the collapse to this cause alone. However that may be, the business is now thriving beyond all expectation. In *Dynamo Construction* we have a useful popular description of the machine to which Dr. Werner Siemens gave the name "Dynamo." When a loop of wire is made to move between the poles of a magnet, a current of

electricity is produced in the wire. This, in a few words, is the simple idea upon which all electric-light apparatus is founded. The magnets employed are, of course, very powerful. Instead of a single wire, or a single coil, many coils of wire may be used, and these are rotated at a high speed in the magnetic field by the aid of a steam or gas engine or by other mechanical means. Sometimes the coils of wire are fixed while the magnets rotate; and the whole may be so arranged as to produce continuous currents in one direction, or alternating currents first in one direction and then in the other; but the underlying principle is always the same. Mr. Urquhart's book contains excellent descriptions of the types now generally favoured, and a clear historical sketch of the evolution of the different systems. The continuous current machines were first in the field. At the outset one of the obstacles to the supply of electricity over wide areas was the cost of the underground mains. The current supplied to the ordinary glow-lamp is a low-pressure current, and a low-pressure current in the mains would require a very thick and expensive copper-wire to transmit it without loss. For a high-pressure current (such as is generated by alternating machines) a thin wire suffices; but a high-pressure current is too dangerous to be brought recklessly into dwelling-houses. The problem, then, was—how to reduce the size of the mains without unduly raising the pressure in the houses. The difficulty was overcome by the invention of the transformer. A high-pressure current is sent through the mains, and a transformer is fixed at each subscriber's house, to convert the current as it enters the house to low pressure. This improvement gave a great impetus to the alternating current system, and suggested the idea of placing the generating station at some distance from the area to be lighted. Mr. Urquhart gives an interesting, though a very brief, account of the station of the London Electric Supply Corporation at Deptford, with its leviathan dynamos, which maintain a pressure of 10,000 volts in the cables between Deptford and Westminster. The Deptford installation is particularly interesting because, whatever may be its commercial value, it directed attention to the possibility of transmitting high pressures over long distances. Electricians have long been ambitious of doing this, not so much for the purpose of electric lighting as for the driving of motors. A motor, as Mr. Urquhart explains, is simply a dynamo with its functions reversed. If you rotate a dynamo by force, it produces a current; if you send a current through it, it rotates. In order that power may be transmitted to a great distance a very high pressure must be used. With continuous current dynamos this is not practicable; and as for alternating dynamos, it was thought until quite lately that they were incapable of working as motors. But several alternating motors are now in the field, and in particular, as all the world knows, a new type has been evolved, known as the "Rotation-current" or "triple-phase" machine, the principle of which is well described in Mr. Bottone's little book on Electromotors, recently reviewed in these columns. It is not quite clear to which of several claimants the honour of the invention is due, but as to the success of the new machine there seems to be little doubt. This, at any rate, was the apparatus employed at the Frankfort Electrical Exhibition for the transmission of power over a distance of 108 miles from the falls of Lauffen, an experiment which has been watched with the greatest interest by electricians, and the success of which may lead to all sorts of possibilities. The fact that alternate current motors and the "triple-phase" machine, about which so much has already been written, are not mentioned by Mr. Urquhart, is a good illustration of the rapidity with which electrical books tend to become obsolete.

Mr. Emtage has written a very convenient and useful *résumé* of Electricity and Magnetism for the benefit of young mathematicians preparing for examination. It is based on Maxwell's well-known treatise, and follows the orthodox lines, all purely experimental matters being omitted. The chapter on Dynamos and Motors is unexpectedly short, and contains no reference either to the idea of the magnetic circuit which has proved so useful in practice, or to the alternate current transformer, an instrument which has developed a mathematical literature of its own. The book is carefully and concisely written, however, and seems excellently adapted to its purpose.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE do not know that M. Ludovic Halévy is at his very strongest in any of the tales which make up *Karikari* (1). If there is to be an exception made, it must be for the delightful legend of the actor Lambescasse, who in the opening story re-

(1) *Karikari*. Par Ludovic Halévy. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

\* *Dynamo Construction*. A practical Handbook for the use of Engineer-Constructors and Electricians-in-charge. By John W. Urquhart. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son.

† *An Introduction to the Mathematical Theory of Electricity and Magnetism*. By W. T. A. Emtage, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press.



counts his career (balked, of course, only by accident and the vile jealousy of others) to the author as they are both ensconced, during the performance of a *féerie*, in a niche where the *régisseur* comes to disturb them (with apologies) from time to time by rattling thunder, admonishing ballet-girls, and so forth; while the narrative is also interrupted by the necessities of Lambescasse's present part as something not much better than a super. This trifle has almost all the exquisitely lambent play of ironic narrative, never exaggerated, never savage, never out of time or tune, which distinguishes the creator of the *Famille Cardinal* at his best. In the next story, "Un tour de valse," the author is more in his *Abbé Constantin* and *Criquette* vein, but it too is agreeable and amusing. "Tom et Bob" returns to the satiric, and the contrasted sketches of "Madame la Duchesse" and "Madame Margot" are admirably quiet. Of the smaller stories, "Noiraud," the history of a Swiss dog who acted as guide, is, perhaps, the best artistically; "Guignol," another gentle satire on the theatre, the most interesting; "Deux Cyclones," the most amusing for us, because it displays that Anglophobia which is always the most amusing thing in the world to an Englishman. M. Halévy, it is well known, is a delightful example of it. Nowhere, perhaps, is he more warmly admired than among us. No other Frenchman has a wit so close to humour, so really humorous, as his; and he is firmly, solidly, we had almost said religiously, convinced that all Englishwomen have feet the size and shape of fishing-punts, and that English tourist guides end each description of a picture or the like by the monosyllable, which he vocalizes as "aoh," as a rallying cry to their flocks. Ah! what a good M. Halévy!

We hardly know any writer who is so true to himself, or rather to his model, as M. Henri Rabusson. Although he can never be called exactly monotonous, his faithfulness to M. Feuillet makes him sometimes almost seem so to the impatient mind. Here in *Bon garçon* (2), we have once more the mild monstrosity *à la Feuillet*, the satire on manners *à la Feuillet*, the odd compromise between a certain respect for morality and good-breeding combined with condescensions to vulgar tastes *à la Feuillet*. Unluckily there is not the genius which M. Feuillet not seldom, and hardly even the talent which he invariably, showed; and there is—which is not wholly M. Rabusson's fault—a very evident and distinct vulgarization of type and manner. The master long ago drew in the security of the Bacquières and the Van Goyes an admirable and most artistic caricature of Second Empire vulgarity; the pupil in the Pétin set has shown us how the vulgarity has increased under the Third Republic, but has scarcely reached the art. Moreover, his desire to vie with Naturalism on its own ground has carried him too far—we do not say for morality, which can take care of itself, but for good breeding. However, the book shows, as his books always show, no small talent. Only a little more was wanted to make the hero, Albéric Dubourgvioux, the "bon garçon," one of the few live characters of fiction; only a little more to do the same with his injured and angelic wife Marianne. We think M. Feuillet would have given this little more; M. Rabusson certainly has not. As for the wicked heroine Juliette, Marianne's sister and Albéric's temptress, she is a very old story, the irresistible and unrestrained Venus "toute entière à sa proie attachée." She is, we say, a very old story, and yet, though there is sufficient truth in the story, it has never been thoroughly well told, and—which is the same thing in other words—the very great masters have always eschewed her. Which things, perhaps, are an allegory.

The other novels on our list require shorter notice. *Le passé de Sœur Monique* (3) is an honest novel, which only needs a little more talent to make it an interesting one. The good people are too unlucky to please one class of readers; there is no villain (an absence which always exercises a depressing influence on another class); and it is difficult, if not impossible, to "see" any of the characters, which will annoy a third. On the other hand, M. Edmond Tarbé (4) will disappoint no one. He is a crime-novelist, and the crime-novelist is always sure of his game. It is not more certain that he will delight those who do delight in him than that those who do not delight in him will drop him, as vulgar people say, like a hot potato. Hardly less distinct is the principle of M. Robert Vallier (5), or less certain of its results. He kills his heroine at the last page, and the novel which kills its heroine at the last page is once more of a kind the single examples of which hardly require criticism. The censure passed on the traditional marriage bell finale—that it is nothing so little as a finale—has always struck us as strangely shortsighted. It is precisely for that that it is interesting. Again, *Guillemette* is one

of those unlucky books which are almost all talk by the author—a kind we love not. There is something a little uncanny in the way in which books by "Fortuné" (6) still appear. If they are new editions there is nothing to show it, and though the gallant novelist may have got so much into the habit of regularly turning out a novel that even death has not interrupted it, it is, we repeat, a rather uncanny habit. Even Mrs. Henry Wood has, we think, given it up in England.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

*FROM Palm to Glacier*, by Alice W. Rollins (Putnam's Sons), is a record of travel in Brazil and Bermuda, Alaska and California, prettily bound in silver and blue, and illustrated by photographic plates that are for the most part of sad mechanic quality. Perhaps no prospect were more delightful than the setting out from New York in mid-winter for a sea trip to Rio. The tropics, it might be thought, should console you for a month's absence from your native land. But if everything you see in the South recalls something different, or like, in the North, till North and South interchange comparisons in your note-book with wearisome antithesis; if, again, yours is "the Puritan conscience" and yours "the New England mind," the delight of the voyage is not wholly unadulterate. Our traveller "from Palm to Glacier" never forgets her august abode in the States. She is for ever philosophizing on North and South, the New England mind and that of the happy untutored nigger, and other vexatious matters. In the South she holds rapturous converse with the roses and palms, but the Emersonian soul is oppressed by the luxury, the languor, and beauties of Nature in Brazilian gardens. The New England mind intervenes, like tedious Mentor with the youthful Télémaque, with obstinate questionings and dreadful results:—

'I cannot think, I can only feel, and what I feel is a quivering, humiliating sense that I am nothing but a miserable human being, handicapped with a soul. O for a volume of Emerson to restore my drooping courage!'

The prodigality of the South is a burden, and incites longings for change and imperfection in the floral world, reminding us of Pope's lady, who sighed for a park, and when she had it, cried "Odious, odious trees!" Obviously, the New England mind is a bad travelling companion. Yet it is clear that Tijuca is a beautiful place, and life there may be very enjoyable. Events were few, it is true, but one of them was the daily bath in the open air, a natural "silvery shower-bath," the charm of which lies "in its freedom from the moral responsibility of a faucet." What this responsibility may be, we cannot say, but it is plain from the succeeding passage that New England austerity is not incompatible with a style that is exceedingly "precious":—

'To turn an innocent little faucet in the conventional bath of the North, only to precipitate upon oneself an unknown degree of leaden coolness, requires agonizing strength of mind; but here, just to bend your head to the gracious, falling shower is at once to tempt it further, and yield unhesitatingly to the delicious scourge of its brisk little silver rods.'

Of matters current and past there is light and brief discourse in the pleasant papers collected from *Harper's Magazine* by Mr. G. W. Curtis, under the title *From the Easy Chair* (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.) These little essays may be likened to "conversation pieces." They have the familiar or colloquial note, and touch on many subjects—reminiscences of the opera, the first reading in America by Charles Dickens, the visits of Thalberg, Gottschalk, Jenny Lind, and other fruitful themes. It is a readable little book, and prettily bound and printed.

The collection of short stories by E. Chilton in *The History of a Failure* (Longmans & Co.), gathered from various periodicals, is altogether well above the average magazine tale. The writer has the gift of invention, beyond doubt, and in humour and fancy is not unblest. "A Yellow Rose," simple though it be, is charmingly told, and in *The History of a Failure* the pathetic and the humorous are successfully blended.

From the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews Mr. W. L. Courtney reprints an agreeable miscellany of essays—*Studies at Leisure* (Chapman & Hall)—on subjects of very diverse interest and importance. On Bacon, and Ibsen, and Dr. Martineau there is here some thoughtful comment, and in "Kit Marlowe's Death" we note a commemoration of the Canterbury poet that should survive the centennial year.

Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace's *Island Life* (Macmillan & Co.) appears, with some noteworthy additions and modifications, in a

(6) *Acquitté*. Par Fortuné du Boisgobey. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Bon garçon*. Par Henri Rabusson. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Le passé de Sœur Monique*. Par François Vilars. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Le crime d'Auteuil*. Par Edmond Tarbé. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Guillemette*. Par Robert Vallier. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

new edition. Various insular floras and faunas are considerably increased, especially with regard to the very interesting lists of the Galapagos and the Sandwich Isles. The animals and birds of Borneo and of Madagascar are largely added to, and the problem of the migration of animals and plants since the Glacial epoch is to some extent modified in accordance with the conclusions of the late Dr. Croll.

That a tale of adventure entitled *Looking Ahead* (Henry & Co.) should be put forth as "not by the author of *Looking Backward*," is perhaps a natural device by which attention may be directed to a book which we have not found to repay the labour of reading it. These forecasts of anti-millennial times are of one sad family. This one tells of a shipwrecked folk who run the Social Republic on an isle in the Southern Ocean. Strange to say, some survive the experiment and start a colony on the old lines, and eventually return to England, where things have relapsed into a kind of travesty of mediæval institutions.

In the "All England" series we have *Camping Out*, by A. A. Macdonell (Bell & Sons), a handbook for the use of those who would camp out on rivers and canals, or, following the example of Dr. Gordon Stables, play the gentleman gipsy and follow the road. Mr. Macdonell's book deals with the waterways of the British Isles, France, and Germany, and is full of useful information. Where to go, what to take, and how to do it—the whole law and duty of the camper, in fact—is here set forth. And he will be a happy camper who follows the same, if only he "breathes through nature's respirator, the nose," what time he sleeps by river, or on the cold hillside.

Household matters engage the muse of Mr. Thomas Old—*A Dream of Happiness; and other Poems* (Digby, Long, & Co.)—as well as such visions of fancy as are revealed in "Thoughts by the Sea," "St. Paul's Cathedral," "Composed on the Water," and other tuneful stanzas. "Spring Cleaning" is a theme that needs a bard of spirit, and "The Song of the Washerwoman" a full draught of "awen." Mr. Old sings these feelingly.

Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Great French Writers" series, edited by Mr. Jusserand, sets forth with the admirable *Mme. de Staël* of M. Albert Sorel, the original of which found a place, on its appearance, in our review of current French literature. In its class this is a model book, and by reason of subject and treatment should obtain as many English readers as French.

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. we have new editions of the Rev. J. C. Atkinson's *Walks, Talks, Travels, and Exploits of Two Schoolboys and Playhours and Half Holidays*, two books by the historian of Cleveland and the chronicler of Danby life and antiquities, which we find, after many years, as pleasurable as when first published. A new and long lease of life should be theirs.

Some few weeks since the newspapers contained certain harrowing experiences of emigrants to Brazil, and this in spite of official warnings duly published at Her Majesty's post-offices and elsewhere on the subject, some months before those emigrants left the United Kingdom. The evil might have been stayed if the excellent guides and pamphlets of the Emigrants' Inspection Office were as widely known as they deserve to be. Of these we have a new volume of *Handbooks* (Eyre & Spottiswoode), which includes all the information necessary to the intending settler in Canada, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, the Cape, Natal, and other parts, each with a good map.

*The Medical Register* and *The Dentists' Register* for 1892 (Spottiswoode & Co.), published for the General Medical Council, give, in addition to the full text of the Medical and Dentists Acts (1878), complete registers and directories of the professions in the United Kingdom, with lists of practitioners abroad.

New editions we note of *Dante and his Circle*, by D. G. Rossetti (Ellis & Elvey), with an introduction by Mr. W. M. Rossetti; *A Book of Worthies*, by Miss Yonge, "G. T. Series" (Macmillan & Co.); *Blow-Pipe Analysis*, by J. Landauer, "authorized English edition," by James Taylor (Macmillan & Co.); and *Petronella*, by Mary C. Rowsell (Skeffington).

We have also received Part I. of *Lincoln Cathedral Statutes* (Cambridge: at the University Press), containing the text of the "Liber Niger," with the late Henry Bradshaw's memoranda; Vol. IV. of *Acts of the Privy Council, 1552-1554*, edited by John Roche Dasent (Eyre & Spottiswoode); *Records of Preston Parish Church*, by Tom C. Smith (Preston: Whitehead; London: Gray); *The Romance of History*, by Henry Greenhough Smith (Bentley); Professor Lothar Meyer's *Outlines of Theoretical Chemistry*, translated by P. C. Besson and W. C. Williams (Longmans & Co.); *The Grammar of Science*, by Karl Pearson (Walter Scott); *The Early Religions of Israel*, by James Robertson, D.D. (Blackwood & Sons); *The Faiths of the People*, by J. Fitzgerald Molloy (Ward & Downey); *Records of the Past*, new series, Vol. V., edited by

Professor A. H. Sayce (Bagster); *The Temple of Man*, by Thomas Folliott (Elliot Stock); *Insurance and Saving* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); and *Methods of Industrial Remuneration*, by David F. Schloss (Williams & Norgate).

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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LYCEUM.—TO-DAY at Two, and every Evening at Eight (except Saturday), Shakespeare's Play, "KING HENRY VIII." Cardinal Wolsey, Mr. IRVING; Queen Katharine, Miss ELLEN TERRY. MATINEES of "HENRY VIII." Saturday next, May 7, and Saturdays, May 14 and 21, at Two o'clock. On the Evening of May 7, 14, and 21, "RICHELIEU" will be played. Cardinal Richelieu, Mr. IRVING. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five, and during the performance. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

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